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KANSAS WAR;

OR,

The Conquests of Chivalry in the Crusades
of the Nineteenth Century.

A HEROIC POEM.

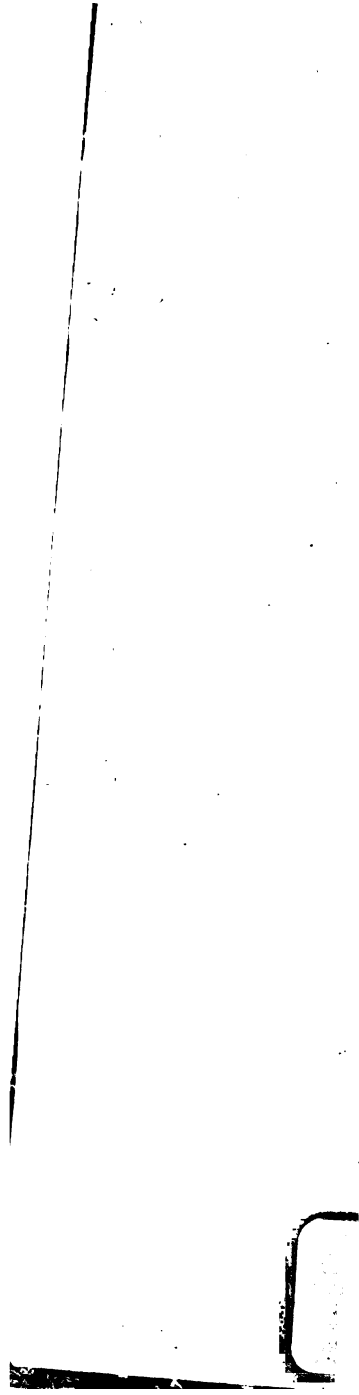
NEW-YORK:

MASON BROTHERS,

108 & 110 Duane Street.

1856.

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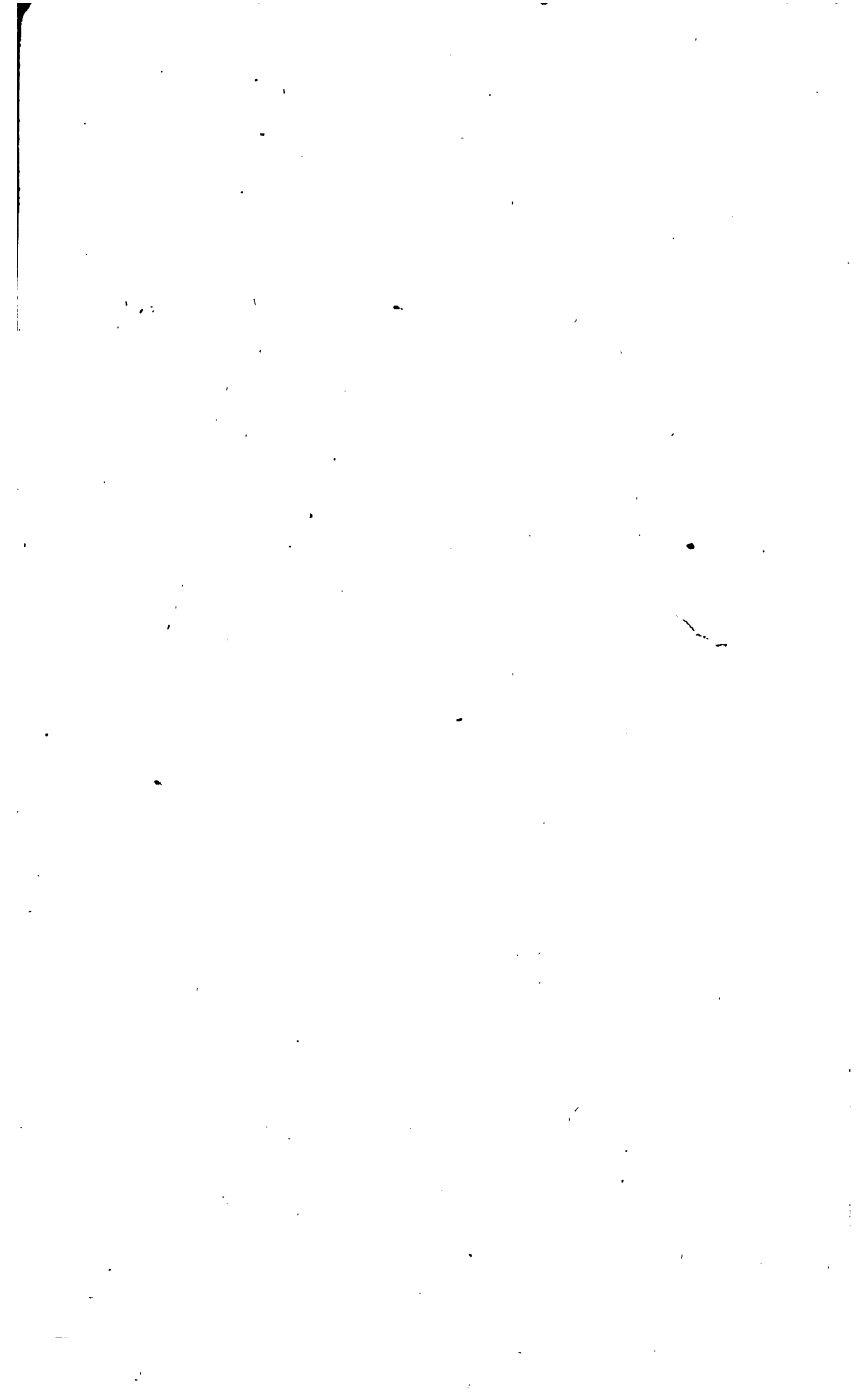
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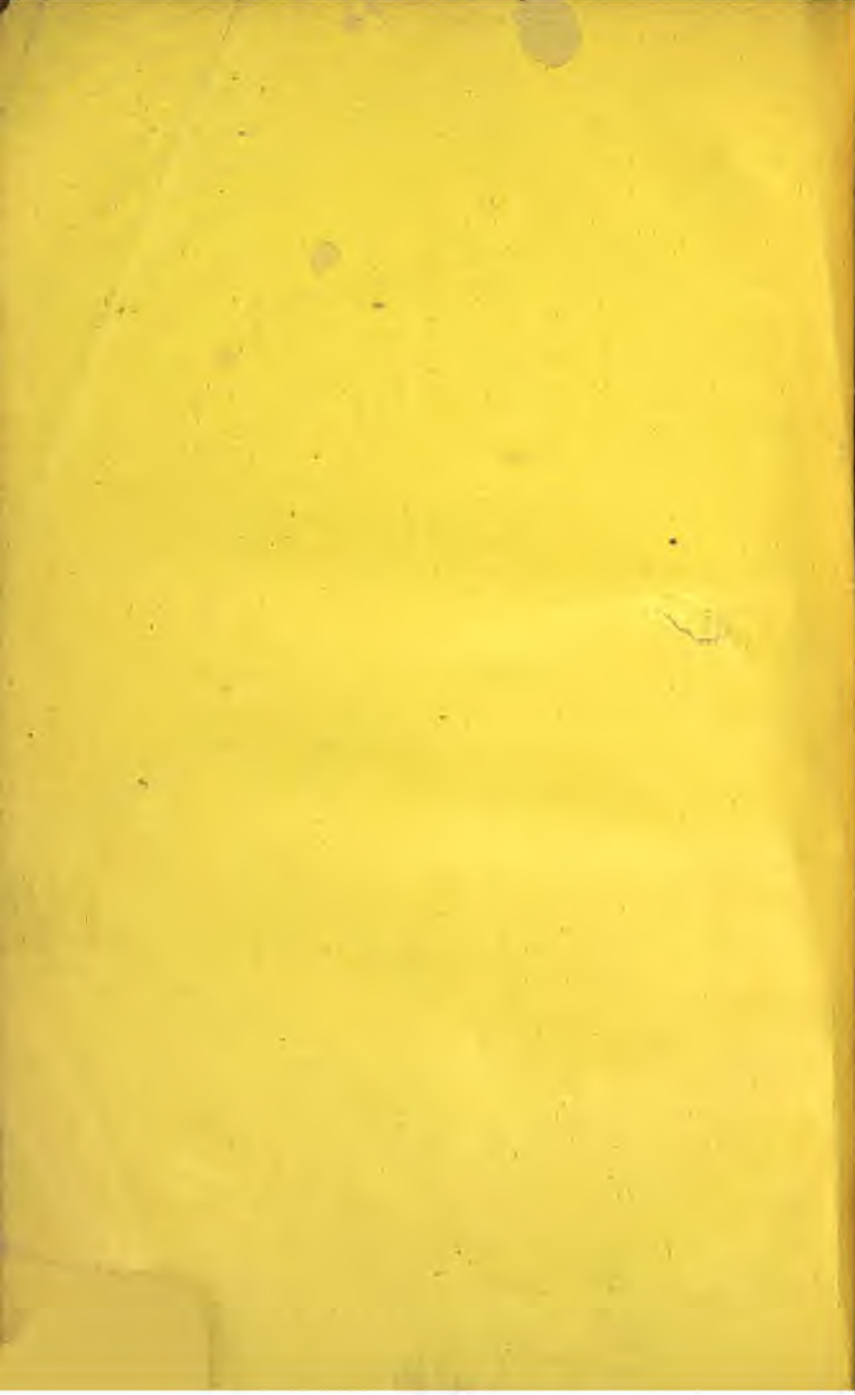
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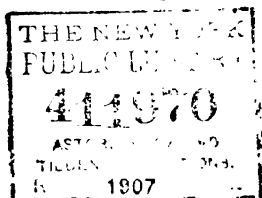


THE KANSAS WAR.



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378. No. 6 5 1 9 '07



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
MASON BROTHERS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY
THOMAS B. SMITH,
82 & 84 Beekman Street.

PRINTED BY
JOHN A. GRAY,
97 CHURCH St.

ARGUMENT.

I sing the scenes of war and blood
So nearly stained the Kansas' flood ;
The hosts called forth by proclamation ;
The vict'ries of anticipation ;
The rage of one inspired by Juno,
Whose dreadful name both I and you know,
The great Achilles of Missouri,
Foreman of Lynch's petty jury ;
And Mars, whose voice so roared through Shannon,
And almost spoke from Pierce's cannon ;
How Mercy opportunely came,
Saved Abolitionists from shame,
And whisky-sellers floods of tears,
By bringing back their customers.

Mighty the task I've undertaken :
To tell how many saved their bacon ;
To paint the warlike rage that fired
Those noble breasts, so high inspired
By spirits of the hottest kind,
In corn fermented, still-refined ;
To trace the progress of that flame,
Raging in men of mighty name,
The Chivalry, who mustered where
Their sacred trumpet called to war ;
Who promptly 'listed for the cause
Of Bogus Legislature's laws ;
But loved the victor's meed so well,
That, ere they fought, or bled, or fell,
Finding 'twould be a bootless strife,
Granted their wretched foes their life :

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Thus doing Mercy's noblest task,
By giving men before they ask.
'Tis mine, great secrets to disclose :
For demigods did interpose :
Those Slavery pow'rs raised to the sky
By Chaldean democracy,
Jealous of stars so bright that glow
In mundane spheres so far below,
And dreading rivalry so great,
Combined, their counsels to defeat.

The task has cost a deal of trouble,
Being throughout a labor double,
It being requisite to go
'Tween courts above and courts below :
But old Briareus was enlisted,
Amanuensis thousand-fisted,
And got on passably, although
He's had a world of work to do,
Though not so elegant a writer
As skillful pugilist and fighter.
He begs excuse for all his hurry,
His want of penmanship and Murray ;
For here, in Kansas, things are new,
And poor 's the best that we can do ;
The high winds give us little ease,
And pens are plucked from wildest geese ;
So, gentle reader, do not wonder
If here and there you find a blunder
In syntax or orthography,
Or limping lines ; but geography,
Morals, and politics are right—
We guaranty whate'er we write :
The honest advocates, you see,
Of Democratic Slavery.

THE KANSAS WAR.

BOOK I.

Now ranks of heroes stand once more
On Kansas' soil, Missouri's shore ;
And the red sun is hast'ning down,
Amazed at what he's shone upon ;
Fearing the fight will not delay
Till he can shut the gates of day,
And dreading to behold the fate
Of those the camp are swearing at.
But, when the Rocky Mountains closed
The evening in, and interposed
Their shadows between friends and foes,
Sad night began at daylight's close ;
Stars twinkled fearfully ; and soon
Unusual paleness seized the moon :
For they beheld, with deep dismay,
The symptoms of a deadlier fray
Than Kansas ever yet had seen :
Saw the dread men, with fearful mien,
So oft they'd known, on many a night,
O'er half Missouri, by their light,
The 'possum hunt, stray cattle drive,
Take niggers off, to sell, alive,
Ready to swear it, when they're missed,
Done by some abolitionist.

All these the stars could recognize,
And look'd about December's skies
For some dark cloud, to shade their sight
From scenes they feared to see that night.
But Kansas air is pure and clear :
No cloud or wreath of mist was there ;
And planets, stars, and moon, per force,
Must see the deeds of man and horse,
Ox, mule, and donkey ; and, what 's worse,
Must hear the furious threat'nings made
To spread the field with Yankees dead.

Just then Arcturus, in the north,
Climbed Arthur's Wain, and thus held forth :

“ Comrades, I see great dangers near—
These hosts assembling for a war
Have lofty projects in their view,
Less aimed at men than me and you.
For mortals are not threat'ned now
In this tremendous western row ;
But chivalry has raised her eye,
With noble pride, against the sky ;
And soon, unless we interfere,
Will sure eclipse each starry sphere :
For look ! Yon meek and peaceful lamb
Has changed his nature to a ram ;
With head as hard as hickory-nut,
And furious aspect, he 's all but
A hero in his own conceit,
And on the point of running at
All bright, superior things he sees :
Look out for him, friend Aries !
And there 's another just before him,
Bellowing, pawing turf, and roaring,
Threat'ning to come the bully o'er us :
But you 're his chiefest rival, Taurus.

And there four brothers close combine,
The brilliant, heav'nly Twins to outshine ;
Though not so bright their beams before,
They hope to beat by being more.
And there comes one a-sidling in
With a hard shell upon his skin,
But, when he heard the dreadful bellow,
Shed off his coat, and turned soft-sheller ;
But-still he shows he is the man, sir,
To rival you, good master Cancer.
Justice holds not the scales in hand,
But Bogus has them at command ;
And there is one I think I know,
With deadly sting, like Scorpio ;
But I observe his venom tips
The pen he writes with and his lips :
And they 've a Sagittarius, who
Shoots with a wonderful long bow ;
While all the band appear a herd
Of goats, if judged by length of beard ;
Or you may call them, if you wish,
A motley shoal of oddest fish.

“ Yet Leo has most competition ;
For each who 's in a fit condition,
By *Æsop's* rule, a skin to try on,
Appears resolved to seem a lion.

“ But Virgo and Aquarius
Are the only two, of all of us,
For whom they yet show no regard,
And they must give them due reward ;
For they display a shameful lack
Of courtesy to the Zodiac :
For see ! although they had n't ought to,
They drink their whisky without water ;
And none of Virgo's sex is seen
'Mong all those bands of armed men ;

But oaths and threats to drive out freemen
Show them uncivilized by women,
Whose gentle influence they despise,
Ennobling while it purifies,
Exalts the language with the mind,
Inculcates thoughts and deeds refined,
Trains man to live in peace, and free,
For truth and right to stand or die ;
All by the force of gentle love,
The brightest power that rules above,
Where woman's smiles and blushes shine,
Man follows safe, in paths divine ;
Where he her slender footstep traces,
He runs his noblest, surest races ;
And worthy rivalry is shown
By many an earthly female, down
On yon dark ball, to the career
We so admire in Virgo's sphere.

“ Already see the female hand
Refinement spreading through the land ;
Her lovely look and gentle voice
Bid rudeness stop his savage noise ;
She smiles on brothers', husband's toil ;
Shares in the task, sweetens the spoil ;
Pours balsams upon wounded frames ;
Religion's joys and hopes proclaims ;
Teaches the young the ways of God,
And smiling leads, to show the road ;
Inculcates truth, humanity,
But frowns on Vice, and makes him fly ;
And will be, as she ever is,
In other countries, so in this, *
The richest gift, the noblest friend
That Heaven to man did ever send !

“ But stay ! I see Briareus
Takes stenographic notes of us ;

Behold him there at work amain,
His thousand hands hold each a pen ;
And half a ream of foolscap paper
Already 's cover'd with his labor.
It is not right, I think, or fitting,
As this is not a public meeting.
I move proceedings all be private,
Lest mortals find out what we drive at ;
Reporters we admit no more,
And that the Dog-Star keep the door."—

Of course, the Poet here cuts short
His Journal of the Upper Court,
Hoping he yet may, by permission,
To the Star-Chamber gain admission.

What was the plan Arcturus had,
All cut and dried, can't yet be said :
But one, no doubt, to the purpose equal,
Which we must wait for in the sequel :
Somehow he meant to make a fuss
Through Virgo and Aquarius.

But now, while prairie-wolves, aghast,
Scud off, and for a covert haste ;
Platte county constables a day
Of leisure have—their rogues away ;
Her whisky-shops, deserted, mourn,
And long their customers' return ;
And southern nabobs wait to know
What more is great Achilles' due
Than the large sums of cash, 'tis said,
They for his border-heroes paid ;
While clouds, and fears, and dangers lower
O'er Kansas' fields, Missouri's shore,
Let us walk into yonder tent,
And see how heroes' time is spent.

There chiefs from many a southern State
Are ready met for high debate ;

There proud Virginia's noble race
Shines in characteristic face ;
And representatives are found
From many a slavery-blessed ground,
Each bearing testimony true
Of origin, in form or hue,
And of the consequences flowing
From negro-working, selling, growing :
All most profoundly understood
By him who for Virginia stood,
And now he hailed with joy th' occasion
To show their influence on the nation,
Embracing all that civilizing
Process of heathen-christianizing,
So little understood till now,
Since Doctor Blank has shown us how.

For such was Tuckahoe—an Old
Virginia man, of aspect cold ;
A broad-brimmed hat and spatter-dashers,
Marked by all hands except the washer's,
Of various soils the different stains,
From James's banks, Potomac's plains,
To the Ohio and the Mississippi,
Where, looking proud as King Agrippa,
He for a run-away had been,
In hopes to *fetch* him back again ;
But, though by the same polar-star
He 'd pressed on horseback fast and far,
His colored relative had found
A railroad track laid underground,
And some how had just slipped away
On northward to West Canada ;
Then bawling "Uncle Sam !" like fury,
He found himself in West Missouri,
Where, hearing Shannon's proclamation,
To Kansas rode in consternation,

And, finding things in strange condition,
Rose to define his own position ;
So necessary oft in Congress,
(Where he himself had been, I guess) ;
As members do who don't know where
They now are, or they ever were.

He understood the case to be
One deep involving Slavery :
" That blest, that glorious boon, which Heav'n
To the great, favored South has given ;
Of which the chiefest advocate
On earth is my own native State.
It is her pride, her strength, her rock ;
For it she 's stood full many a shock,
And to the last she will stick to it,
And hopes the South entire will do it :
For, were we once of slaves bereft,
Tell me, my friends, what have we left ?
Our lands, indeed : but where the cotton,
Rice, sugar, hemp, or raw or rotten ?
I offer you this friendly word,
Hope others' views may all be heard ;
For, in this Court Supreme of ours,
Where meet the mighty Slavery Powers,
The Council could not be complete
Unless Virginia had a seat."

The assembly, as in Virgil's time,
Stood awe-struck by the man sublime ;
For Maro seems to have had the luck
To see a mob a-sudden struck,
At sight of constables and mayor
To read the riot-act prepare,
And wond'ered how the noisy rout
Could have their words crammed down their throat.
He might have seen, with such surprise,
Great Tuckahoe majestic rise ;

And wond'ered more, when he had done,
To see the mighty man sit down.
Each of the Council shrunk aback,
Like engine stopping on the track :
A pause ensued the words he spoke,
And all they did, was sit and smoke.

There stood Palmetto—a rich heir,
From Santee, Pedee, or somewhere ;
Oh ! such a patriot, that he
Hated the very name—"Yankee."
And yet his shirt and coat had come
Each from a genuine northern loom ;
The very gloves upon his fists
Were made by Abolitionists ;
And buttons which, his jacket o'er,
Since Nullifying times, he wore,
With their motto and Palmetto-tree,
Were Yankee-made, 'twas plain to see,
With stamp and all the very cut
Of makers in Connecticut.
They were, 'tis true, a cheap production :
But, by the nat'ral power of suction,
Through sev'ral hands had found their way,
Each managing to get his pay,
Till, all by sly insinuation,
They sparkled there for Null'fication.
The shining, dazzling Yankee gilding,
With real patent pewter filled in,
(As bright—though ah ! less transitory
Than Carolina's day of glory !)
Had long begun, like him and her,
'Neath Time's truth-proving polisher,
To show the stuff 'twas laid upon,
Now to the universe well known.

Among the other worthies round
One of the generous kind was found :

Frank Liberal, who boasted he
Had nobly set a negro free :
The poorest, oldest of his gang,
Sick from short feed, lame of a bang
He 'd given him, in chivalric passion,
With cowhide of the latest fashion ;
As warning meant for all the others
Not to excite white Christian brothers ;
For he and the niggers on his list,
Were of the South Church Methodist,
Which, and their happy state, the *Journal*
Of Commerce lauds with praise eternal.

There were ten men from somewhere South,
Perhaps near Alabama's mouth,
North Carolina, or the sand
Of the east shore of Maryland,
Some with a different look and hue,
So widely varying, never new,
Which noble Slavery likes to trace,
With skill transcendant, on the face
E'en of the Anglo-Saxon race.
But these men, though they drank and talked,
And with majestic bearing walked,
The others did not recognize
As genuine stars in Slavery's skies :
For origin, or trade, or travel,
Were thought to have filled their eyes with gravel,
And clouded that superior sight
Which sees in Slavery all that 's right,
And turned their watchful looks behind,
As fearing something in the wind.
For some of them, 'twas whispering said,
Were ready Yankee wives to wed ;
Some had stopped Morse and Hallock's papers,
As was reported by their neighbors ;

And thus their politics and religion
Must be in an unsafe condition.
Of course, they scarce could have a heart
In such a council to take part,
Champions of holy Freedom's cause
And bogus Legislature's laws ;
And, as important questions came,
Successively, the views to claim
Of the great sages there assembled,
It seemed too oft as they dissembled,
Starting objections frivolous,
That they might tax them to discuss ;
And sometimes others hard to meet ;
Contriving yet to make retreat,
Affecting grief at giving pain,
But playing the same trick o'er again.

Palmetto, who, with modest mien,
Stood back, unwilling to be seen ;
Blushing, lest some his name should mention,
And shrinking back from all attention ;
Born where no voice was ever heard
To use a rough or hasty word ;
Where pompous phrase was never spoken,
And promise made was never broken,
Unless in times of great ado,
Which try men's souls and conscience too ;
As those of great Nullification,
When Carolina's mighty nation
Drew, for a hundred thousand dollars,
The notes which now so much appal us :
Being inconvenient yet, they say,
And always will, I guess, to pay :
—Bashful Palmetto had been bred
Where much is done, and little said ;
Where man, by nature's high impulse,
Ne'er gives and ne'er expects insults ;

He now, inspired by patriotism,
Fearing that somehow dang'rous schism
Might 'mong those counselors intrude,
Once for the cause arose and stood ;
And, borne by Slavery's spirit, went
On in this style, so eloquent :

“ Oh ! happy day, when once forever,
We shall this wicked Union sever !
No Yankee then will dare intrude,
To preach that all men are one blood ;
We then shall be of one religion,
The Bible have its proper mission,
And call all abolition knav'ry,
Make virtue concentrate in Slav'ry,
And greatest saint of him who owns
The greatest heap of human bones ;
The Scripture to right use applied
By being twisted, bent, and tied,
In every shape as yet invented,
And all on Slav'ry's side commented ;
No abolitionists be found,
No railroad tracks laid underground ;
No niggers run away, or lurk
In canebrakes, to avoid their work ;
But all prefer the highest good :
The nigger's portion, clothes and food ;
With now and then variety
Of flogging, tied up to a tree ;
Brands on the skin, gag on the mouth,
A chain-gang party for the South ;
From parents, wife, and children taken,
And sold, to buy more corn and bacon.
All these delights our slaves will know,
And say so, if we tell them to.

“ We, faithful to high honor's cause,
On negroes' earnings lay our paws ;

Of independence make our boast,
 And in Doughfaces put our trust ;
 By threats and bluster make our way,
 With slaves, who dare not disobey ;
 Gain our superior claims as freemen
 By making slaves of men and women ;
 And on this practice found our claim,
 To treat all white men just the same.

“ Then let the Yankees clear the road ;
 We’re come, for love of man and God,
 In name of Southern chivalry, }
 To settle it, that we are free }
 To fill the world with Slavery. }
 If to this right resistance’s made,
 From that day forth the Union’s dead ;
 If but one problem first is solved,
 ’Tis now unchangeably resolved
 From the base Yankees to cut loose,
 And play alone our game of Goose :
 We’re only waiting to determine
 If we can live without thar vermin.”

This speech produced as much effect
 As one could reasonably expect,
 When whisky-casks stood here and there,
 Unheaded, in the open air.
 But there was one who surely heard
 And well-digested every word.

He was a long slab-sided figure,
 Leaning upon a likely nigger,
 More like a friend than like a master,
 Whose legs seemed formed for running faster
 Than many more which, inward bent,
 Made them move slow, where’er they went,
 With waddling gait, as they turned under :
 To see him, you would scarcely wonder

That new ideas esteem it lucky
When they are hatched in Old Kentucky.
He'd that same rifle, cocked, in hand,
When Cassius Clay first took the stand,
And called to those within its reach
To respect the liberty of speech ;
Though thinking him his enemy,
He would protect him there, or die ;
For he had lately got the idea,
He did n't know why, how, or where,
All men to talk have got a right—
At any rate, all who are white—
Though whence it came he could n't say,
But hoped to know some future day.

He "understood they meant to drive
The Yankees out, dead or alive ;
And came to see they had fair chance
To talk, and not attacked at once ;
Questions to ask, and hear their answers,
Before they 're driven out of Kansas."

With growing numbers now enlarged,
The Council seemed to be full charged ;
From every Southern State they'd come,
Here to extend fair Slav'ry's home,
Impelled by generous sympathy,
Pro-slavery men should ever tie,
As birds of Paradise, together,
Are known by the uniform of feather ;
All thrilling with that taste refined
Acquired by lording o'er their kind ;
The Institution's genuine fruit,
Produced in all who 're bred up to it ;
Alike in feelings, views, opinions,
All monarchs in their own dominions :
Some with a township for domain,
Which thousand slaves can scarce maintain,

And others dwindling down, till figures
Are quite ashamed to count their niggers.

There was Makefuss, from Baltimore,
Who had by marriage half a score ;
But, being a busy politician,
He'd let them to a hotel-kitchen ;
There Bunkum, from North Caroline,
Emerged from shades of sandy pine,
A single nigger boy did own,
Till his turn came, and off he run.

And some stood by, well known to fame
At home, though not to us by name :
From Florida's cool everglades,
From Texas' fair and classic shades ;
South Carolina, modest child
Of sweet retirement, blushing, mild ;
Of Old Virginia's boasted blood,
Half-Indian, a tall figure stood,
Boasting a better than white skin,
Part red, or yellow, or between ;
Two from our clear Columbian Nile,
Where nabob, slave, and crocodile,
As by the great original
In Africa, still cut a swell ;
'Mid fens which scatter wide and far
Their fragrant, sweet, and healthful air ;
Where all domestic virtues glory
In their bright native territory,
And round each classical lagoon,
Whose waters, in perpetual swoon,
Seem emblems of the human mind,
When to those happy scenes confined.
There crystal waters gently flow
By cities forty feet below ;
And generously give them water,
Rather more sometimes than they ought to ;

While all the shore attests fair Nature's
 Prolific power in alligators.
 Where Yankees find new fashions ready,
 To improve somewhat their habits steady ;
 And some of them have tried their hand
 As soon as e'er they reached the land,
 And many say but difference small
 In fact exists, or none at all—
 Except in gambling, breaking Sunday,
 Drinking and swearing, and blue Monday.

From that exhilarating clime
 Came Sorrel-top, in nick of time.
 His father was a Northern deacon ;
 He, without fortune, went to seek one,
 Leaving the land he might have loved,
 Had he its principles approved.
 Thinking perhaps his room might be
 Liked better than his company ;
 And finding things of different cut
 In Orleans from Connecticut :
 The district-schools exchanged for races,
 And friends of freedom to Doughfaces,
 He looked around with sweet content,
 And there resolved to pitch his tent ;
 A hundred niggers got by marriage,
 And what they call down South a carriage ;
 He rose, by holy matrimony,
 To his most valued blessing—money.

To see him on his grand plantation,
 You would admire the gentle suasion,
 Whose sweet effects around appear
 'Neath whip of pious overseer :
 Converted Abolitionist,
 Now a Pro-Slavery Methodist—
 The hardest kind of Christian known—
 With Slav'ry struck into the bone.

O, but to hear when he holds forth,
On annual visit to the North,
To let his former neighbors see
The advantages of Slavery !
To hear him on all points enlarge,
Refute or contradict each charge ;
Prove negroes are all better fed,
Physicked, and nursed, and taught, and bred,
Than Yankees ; that there are no poor
Down South, to beg from door to door ;
How prejudices North prevail,
How only those who know can tell
The real state of things down there,
Where slaves may have all they desire ;
You 'd see why some men feel much bigger
As soon as e'er they own a nigger ;
And why it is that tongue and mouth
Were given us but to praise the South.

Next stood a thinner man and taller,
Who answered to the name of " Drawler."
His face was of that dubious kind
In frontier districts oft we find,
With scarce enough of Anglo-Saxon
To let you lay a white man's tax on ;
A flattish nose and high cheek-bones
So joined, it would be hard at once
To tell us why, and not offend us,
You thought of Sal and Pocahontas.

And there was one at whom all wonder'd,
A man that weighed above two hundred.
Fresh from a journey East he 'd come ;
Who gave his name, Squire Twaddledum.
Rhetoric flash he first did make
In Carolina's swamp and brake ;
What time Calhoun and Hamilton
Had almost for the Union done ;

And, had not Clay "*Peccavi*" cried,
The U-nited States had been Un-tied ; }
And all creation Nullified.
'Twas then their rousing cries awoke
Great Twaddledum : then first he spoke,
Making the piney woods around
With wit and eloquence resound,
Defying all the Yankee nation,
With threats of dread Nullification ;
Teaching hedgehogs t' erect the quill,
And little niggers how to squeal ;
'Possums in gum-trees made to grin,
And alligators change their skin.
For Kansas now he 'd left his home,
But with him all his fame had come.

He 'd stopped, in passing through New York,
To do a noble piece of work :
From Metropol'tan balcony
Harangued the crowds as they passed by ;
And all about that scene sublime
We mean to tell some other time.
But hear him now haranguing loud
Chivalric chiefs, so rich and proud ;
Electric sparks snap in his hair,
Stentorian thunder shakes the air,
To prove the doctrine, pure and high,
So many Yankees call a lie,
That freedom is, and aye must be,
Found cheek by jowl with slavery ;
That sense or virtue none can have
Who does not own a negro-slave :
This lays that doctrine on the shelf,
None 's free but he that rules himself ;
And none are slaves but those of passion ;
The creed with Yankees so in fashion.

Here Tuckahoe begged leave to state
What topics would require debate,
And those within their proper range,
Their views on which all might exchange :
For they were now upon the eve
Of victories they had come t' achieve,
And soon a double task must do,
Yankees to beat, and rule them too ;
And should be ready to give answers
When Yankees ask, why out to Kansas
The chivalry brought war's alarms
And conquered them by force of arms.
He hoped the Council would allow
Discussion to be opened now.

Silence, expressive, gave consent,
And to the business straight he went :

“The wond'rous progress we have made
In morals, as in arts and trade,
Should now be published to the world,
And Slav'ry's flag be wide unfurled,
Bearing the motto—*Liberty*
Is fostered but by Slavery !

With white man's foot upon a black,
And he with scars upon his back.
I hope that our deliberations,
For benefit of other nations,
Will be directed to develop
How we have used the Yankees all up ;
By our advance in art and science,
Inventions, setting at defiance
Past, present, and all future ages,
Both Yankee notions, Grecian sages,
Warriors and senators of Rome,
Look small to what we are at home.

“Slav'ry its holy influence sends
To every spot ; to households lends

A varying charm, that 's nowhere found
On drear New England's blasted ground ;
Perfection brings where'er it reaches,
Draws wrappers on o'er horseman's breeches ;
Instead of railroad cars and steam,
Drives horseback up each running stream ;
Cockpits constructs for schools and churches,
And cowhides substitutes for birches.

"Who can our ample right deny
To all the fame of chivalry,
Who knows what customs bright prevail
Through all the South, and never fail
To enrich each happy town and vicinage—
Blessings not known to abolitionist ?

"While, like the brave, chivalrous Turk,
We scorn all kind of useful work,
Nor soil our hands with vulgar trades,
But with pure science fill our heads,
Preparing thus from year to year
On bench or senate to appear ;
Or, when the call of duty varies,
As governors or secretaries ;
Or, when by Northern Doughface sent,
Unwillingly, as President,
When country calls for men of merit,
And heroes of true Southern spirit,
Who know the world was only made
For Slavery and negro-trade ;
Then we stand ready to come in,
And save the United States again,
By some of those ingenious ways
We 've practiced oft in former days.

"O ! contemplate the Southern planter !
Courteous in peace ; but, raise his dander,
And what wild beast will e'er be seen
So fierce, is now, has ever been ?

From lofty and commanding station,
Lording it o'er his whole plantation,
Or large or small, 'tis all the same,
He bears the one imperial name
Of "Massa," which, in Southern tongue,
Means one incapable of wrong
In sight of law, with power supreme
To whip his slaves e'en to extreme ;
Gives him a courage wondrous brave,
T' abuse his negroes while he's safe ;
And not to a single risk exposes,
Because the law aye interposes ;
And, if a nigger dares resist,
Cuts off the hand that clenched a fist.

"Thus all his slaves in peace abide,
'Neath overseer's soft cowhide,
And cotton pick, or gather rice
In his terrestrial paradise ;
Restrained from straying all their lives,
By gentle law for fugitives,
In Eden's sacred, lovely grounds,
Guarded by angels, called blood-hounds ;
While Missie's free t' indulge her lip
In her exciting, fav'rite "dip,"
Her children all sent out, of course,
To suckle their old Mammaw-nurse ;
And from her milk and sable face
Imbibe contempt for all her race,
Which, in due time, they'll surely show,
When large enough to strike a blow ;
And prove that black blood has run down
By plain experience of their own.
And who can e'er refuse assent
To such conclusive argument ?
And little can a Yankee know,
Through such a process ne'er did go ;

Whose evil genius gave no other
Nurse for his childhood, but his mother.
Unfit, in such a question grave,
Vote or opinion e'er to have ;
To sit in court as judge or juryman.
Ne'er suckled by a negro-woman ?
There 's no excuse, or e'en apology,
For them to talk of our ethnology.
Then let them sit in silence, and
Hear truth from those who understand,
Not by the dry, uncertain knowledge
Dispensed in books in Yankee college,
But drawn from those pure living rills
From which each mouth its stomach fills,
In Southern lands, where Slav'ry rules,
And trained us in such infant schools.

“ How elevating 'tis to stay
Among our slaves, and have our way,
Relieved from all the endless work
Of those who don't all labor shirk
Off upon niggers' sable hands,
But take the products of the lands !
'Tis true, it is some little trouble
To teach the Bible to talk double ;
To find a way to make it look
Likely there 's slavery in a book
That teaches only love to man ;
To render what you get again,
To live in peace with one another,
And call each fellow-man a brother ;
And how to make it seem quite clear,
Nor make Christianity look queer,
To carry doctrines to results,
And shoot whoe'er our creed insults.
To show this Christian love of neighbor,
Hoc opus est, et hic labor,

And yet there is some hocus-pocus
Which well may carry through *hoc opus*,
By contradicting in totality
Our fav'rite claim of hospitality;
And, after offering all mankind
To come and see how very kind
We are to strangers, and to afford
To all who come their bed and board,
And ask where else, in any land
There e'er was found so fine a band
Of flowers of chivalry as we,
Ready to make all comers free
To what our gen'rous soil affords,
And share with us the style of lords;
With facts all staring in their faces,
Some say our practice much disgraces:
But all are free to choose, and they
May hold their tongues or stay away.

“Alas! what wretched degradation
Work brings on men of every station,
And every trade in general
Debases people, great and small,
Who handle tools, or even touch them,
And therefore seldom we approach them.
Yet there's a single instrument,
Invented for the high intent
Of propagating civilization,
Not only South, but through the nation:
And we so much desire the good
E'en of the men of northern blood,
We keep all ready at our side
Our fav'rite tool, a good cowhide,
And daily use it; such the fact is,
If but to keep our hands in practice;
And, well to train their servants sable,
Some ladies have it at tea-table.

"Some sorts of labor, it is true,
E'en high-born Southerners may do,
Yet not degrade their noble nature
To the level of a Yankee creature.
The life of some is spent in flaring
Up to their niggers, threat'ning, swearing :
But all may do some kinds of work,
Like our great eastern type, the Turk.
Our high commission, never yet
Performed on earth, we 'll not forget :
In founding our society,
Where blacks are slaves and whites are free,
In this the modern Paradise,
To have respect in negroes' eyes,
No trees of life or knowledge planted,
But other articles more wanted :
Let not the truth be e'er forgotten,
Cowhides must grow with hemp and cotton ;
And, lest our birthright we should lose,
Whips must be put to proper use,
In them concentrate lies the force
Which keeps our ship upon its course ;
They are our wind, sails, helm, and compass ;
Without them all were noise and rumpus ;
A white man could not long be lord,
There 'd be a mutiny on board,
And the command would be divided,
Our principles all turned wrong-sided,
And us our niggers soon be teaching
The doctrines which we now are preaching,
And hold the Bible up, to prove
We, slaves, our masters ought to love ;
Hang up our cowhides in our sight,
To make us say all 's fair and right ;
Confess it a plain Christian duty
Their yoke upon our necks to tie ;

See them our blood-hounds advertise
To hunt white slaves of ev'ry size ;
Fasten their chains upon our arm,
And say they do no kind of harm ;
But, with their gags upon our mouth,
Adorn us, on a journey south,
Where peace and happiness we 'll find,
Home, friends, and children left behind.

“ Now, since our Southern logic yet
Could never quite the reason get,
That shows how 'tis our argument
Should not against us thus be bent,
Or just how we must twist the Bible
To life's great purpose—living idle—
And bend it to the code of honor,
Which says : ‘ Whip woman, lay it on her,
If she's our slave, although our daughter,
And does a thing slaves should n't ought to :’
Just now, while Southern theologians,
With those, like Sinon 'mong the Trojans,
Who, living north, without remorse,
Act like the Greeks in wooden horse ;
Strive to sustain what we can never
Renounce for any cause whatever,
Let 's press the business of the whip,
And let no good occasion slip
To keep in force the law of love,
And principles we soon shall prove.

“ But curious cases will again,
No doubt, arrive, such as have been,
When arguments will all desert us,
And what we say will only hurt us ;
And we should know what has been done
In former times by heroes gone ;
For we have raised the greatest sages
E'er known in any lands or ages ;

And in their doctrine and example
We find directions sure and ample ;
For they were men of sense and tact,
And showed the way for us to act
In questions we have yet to settle,
And scenes requiring men of mettle.

“ How doubly wise did Wise appear
In keeping off from Boston, where
A plan was laid t’ entrap the South
To open conflict, mouth to mouth.
But he, foreseeing what a gin,
By going North, he would get in,
And how Virginia courtesy,
So often used for boasting by,
Would lead him to confess that Yankees
Are gentlemen, and merit ‘ thank-yes,’
Chose the more nat’ral part to act :
Flew in a passion, and sent back
A furious answer, underscored,
To let the printer know which word
To print in mad Italic letter,
To show the coward North they’d better
Not rouse the mighty lion more,
Lest they should get another—roar.

“ Ah, well in that case was displayed
True Southern caution—half our trade.
Wisely did Worldly-Wise escape
The Yankees and their covered trap,
Who had a deep-laid scheme for hectoring
Our hero, with pretense of lect’ring ;
While they intended courteously,
To ask him all the knots to untie,
In the great cause so close connected,
No wit has yet solved or dissected,
And which, by policy most true,
Instead of loosening we cut through.

Then did great Wise quite disappoint
 His foes, by parrying off their point ;
 And he a good example set us,
 When they with knotty questions fret us,
 To rear and kick out of the traces,
 Say that to argue but disgraces,
 And try to insult them to their faces. }

“ But obstacles have thwarted us :
 We’ve thus far been too scrupulous ;
 Nor knew, until a modern sage
 Told us, on his erudite page,
 That we should fundamentally
 Change our defense of Slavery :
 That ’tis unchristian and uncivil
 To charge it with a single evil ;
 And proves it is the only source
 Of good, while freedom is a curse ;
 The real, only cause of all
 The miseries of Adam’s fall.

“ And now the eyes of all the nation
 Are fixed on him, with admiration,
 Astonished such discovery
 Was made by such a man as he :
 For sure no equal genius
 Was seen before in midst of us ;
 But now the truth shines out like day,
 And fills our foes with dread dismay.

“ Our institution makes us wise :
 But never quite had oped our eyes
 To the full light, or e’en the dawn,
 Of joys he’s shed the world upon.
 We used to think things worked not quite
 As well among us as they might ;
 That solid profit was not found
 In treating as we do our ground ;

No fun to spend the year in making
Just corn enough for slaves and bacon,
And at the end to find we're wrong,
And hear the same old annual song
Of 'All eat up, and hungry still !
More hog, more meal our mouths to fill !
And, finding no resource remain
But the old practice o'er again,
To choose the slave we can spare best,
And sell him south, to save the rest.
This part of glorious chivalry
Is not what it's cracked up to be.

" We've also thought there's little fun
In chasing niggers when they run ;
It's bad enough to have to watch 'em,
But ten times worse to go and catch 'em ;
And hard for us to see around
Virginia blood mulatto-browed :
Such things we used to wish were mended,
And tried to excuse, but ne'er defended ;
Saying that, if we only could
Get rid of Slavery, we would ;
That Englishmen began the game,
And theirs, not ours, should be the blame.

" But now we've taken different ground :
For an ingenious way is found,
By twisting up the latest census,
To make it aid and e'en defend us,
It shows that Slav'ry's the best thing
That law or Gospel e'er did bring,
To bless mankind in State or Church,
And save dear freedom from the lurch.

" Therefore, though but on scale confined,
Slav'ry has molded heart and mind,
And only in a small degree
Produced the flowers and fruits we see ;

Yankees abroad, and wives at home
Have down upon the system come ;
And we have had to keep up brawls
Upon the floors of Congress halls,
Where hot discussions ev'ry year
Turn on the points we hate to hear :
The right and wrong, the loss and profit
Of Slav'ry, till we're weary of it :
As once in Southern legislatures,
Since dropped though, like hot sweet potatoes.
But here we are, in Kansas now,
Ready to strike a deadly blow ;
Our troubles soon will have to cease,
And long and lasting be the peace ;
Established, then, the principle,
That laws of force should settle all ;
Allow us to cross any line,
And seize the polls by right divine,
In any new-made territory,
For heav'nly Slav'ry's higher glory ;
And, whereas we are champions all,
And, item, Yankee pluck is small ;
As we know how to push the sham on
Of being brave, with merely gammon,
Therefore, by Southern logic, thus
The Yankees must all run from us,
And showing fight and bowie-knives,
Will set them scamp'ring for their lives ;
When all their abolition land
Will helpless lie at our command.

“ Now that at last we've found the way
Fair Slav'ry's blessings to display,
Nations will choose the institution,
With all the beautiful confusion
It brings to families and races,
To human features, forms, and faces,

Till slave and master, father, brother,
Can hardly tell you which from t' other ;
And, in a single generation,
We'll see a great amalgamation
Commence its glorious career
In other lands as 'mong us here ;
Our export trade, on glorious scale,
Extend as far as ships can sail ;
And Slav'ry, like a blest contagion,
Will spread through every land and nation,
With all the benefits its power
Has shed on Southern hill and shore.
Then will each language pitch its tunes
To sing Mulattoes and Quadroons ;
Statesmen and doctors join the lay,
And politicians—if 't will pay ;
Liberty-poles will be uncapped,
And crape around their tops be wrapped ;
Then when we raise our country's flag,
'Twill not be an unmeaning rag :
But, floating from our *slav'ry-poles*,
The stars will typify the holes
Of branding-irons our eagle gripes,
And something else—the scarlet stripes !

“ Then through the world will soon be known
The fruits of seeds which we have sown :
That not tobacco, rice, or cotton,
Sugar or hemp, wet, dry, or rotten ;
Not by cock-fighting or horse-racing,
The South goes on so fast increasing ;
Nor taxing Ducks or Oyster-shipping,
That she the North so far outstripping,
Or impost laid on Terrapins,
Her glorious career begins :
'Tis Slav'ry's power has raised her so,
Made piety and morals grow ;

Bestowed that modesty, so meek,
Which we express whene'er we speak ;
Those soft, refined, and Christian tones
Which mark our high chivalric songs,
Though all these causes have, forsooth,
Greatly enriched and blessed the South ;
And published through the admiring world,
Where'er the Union's flag 's unfurled,
That all her richest blessings flow
From what, your brother-men, we do,
With us most ships and steamboats sail,
The voice of joy 's on ev'ry gale ;
And manufactures most abound,
Most schools and churches too are found,
And ev'ry child can read and write
As well as both his parents quite ;
The source of all those blessings we
So richly share, is Slavery,
With laws our slaves to keep, and catch them
When run away, and sit and hatch them,
So, where we please, *usqu'ad Tartarum*,
We niggers grow, sell, work, or barter 'em.

"O great discovery ! Now it's proved
How the heart's purest throbs are moved
By pure and holy force, inherent
In Slavery, Freedom's true vicegerent ;
We trace its influence on the mind,
The thoughts and manners of mankind ;
Show how it spreads true Christian love,
Makes hearts as gentle as a dove,
Promoting genuine wisdom more
Than highest influence known before.
Spirit benign ! We now can trace
And boast this particolored race,
We see around where'er we turn :
What made us blush, now makes us burn

With joy, and boast the glorious boon
Of slave, mulatto and quadroon.

“ Welcome ! Complexion’s rich variety,
Stamping peculiar our society,
And smiling on us to satiety !

Shades, colors, tinges, tints, and hues,
Surround our tables, crowd our pews—
Pews in those churches which we find
Stringfellow’s pamphlet has defined,
And, for the first time, there we’re told
Have so much room, they well might hold
That mighty Southern Christian throng,
In his poetic census sung.

He tells us there is no disgrace

In our variety of face ;

’Tis one of the results which come

In working out the glorious sum,

The problem, by divine appointment,

For which our negroes have been sent

From Africa, and firmly fixed here,

To prove the benefits of mixture.

We admit the principle therefore,

Though hardly seeing why or wherefore.

“ As when some patent pill or ointment,

Good to reduce or cause excitement,

Is brought by quack, profound Thompsonian,

Or Hydropathist, or Oxonian,

Potent to cure pains, sores, or tumors,

Morals to mend, or sweeten humors,

Who ask but for their fragrant doses,

We’ll pay the price and hold our noses,

Gulp down the stuff, or rub it in,

And mark the effect on pain or sin ;

Not judge by reasons ever used,

But by the result when ’tis produced :

So here, a nostrum we propose—
The sure, great, last pro-slavery dose;
We see 't will serve us at a glance;
Don't say that you may be mistaken:
Take it—'tis all can save our bacon.

“The ground we stand on now is strong—
That Slav'ry is no real wrong;
A thing not to defend, excuse;
Apologies we now refuse,
For it is right, and just, and holy,
And to be spoken of with glory;
Its objects, origin, effect,
Not merely reasonable, correct,
But the best thing e'er seen on earth,
Of highest tendence, noblest birth;
Makes white men Christians, black men blest,
And must be spread o'er east and west;
Then in its praises let us sing—
But first the jugs of whisky bring.”

A solemn pause this speech succeeded;
And, though more drink was hardly needed,
Who could refuse the invitation,
At close of such sublime oration?

Then Bunkum rose, to take a part
In the great theme, so near his heart.

His sallow face had got a scar,
If not a mark of pitch or tar;
His knees bent inward, and his feet
Were spattered with the clay they eat
Down in his State; 'cause, poets tell,
They love their native soil so well.
Bred on such stimulating food,
No wonder that his generous blood
Boiled up, and warmed his patriot clay
At what great Tuckahoe did say.

Claiming a part in the debate,
He stood on his legs, while t'other sate.
"You've heard the noble Tuckahoe
Praise Southern genius; you should know
North Carolina has a claim
To a front seat in the car of Fame.
I'll prove it—Clay, so much abused
In making bricks, with us was used
In early times, and more so now,
For making bread, instead of dough.
This saves much money, time, and labor,
And none for food need tax his neighbor.
Hence 'tis that all our people there
Have time for literature to spare,
And lie and sun themselves all day—
Instead of plowing, eat their clay.
Their hours, devote to contemplation,
Sacred to science and the nation,
Have placed their fame for intellect
'Bove all men I can recollect.
For this they've gained that high repute—
Yankees can't hold a candle to 't;
Such wondrous loftiness of soul
They can't touch with a ten-foot pole.
And we're enriched with store of words
Each negro-dialect affords;
A compound fine of many a lingo,
Contributed by Cuff and Mingo;
And uttered with a tone 'bove all,
Which makes a most unequaled drawl,
Inimitable by a race
Not trained to it from early days,
To Yankee organs almost death,
A true chivalric Shibboleth.
"Then let the North look on and see
This noble trait of Slavery;

And own with shame they can't come nigh it,
Nor with their Yankee notions buy it.

"But there's a luxury to mention,
That's purely of our own invention,
Though spreading South, while Northern wit
Is quite too weak to value it.

It puts to use the most refined
Tobacco, which men think designed
Chiefly for smoking, but enough
Preferred by ladies, ground to snuff.

"In fair North Carolina's fields,
Where many a broad pecosent yields
Its wholesome mists, as wide and far
Refinement sheds its favors thar,
While white men sleep and negroes work,
Or sometimes, like their masters, shirk,
Behold, what intercourse refined!
The Southern ladies' feast of mind.
Approach with reverence due, and see
Perfection in society,

And learn why 'tis my native State
Has grown so learned, wise, and great.

"O! contemplate the circles where
Meet daily many gentle fair;
Where many, drawn by habit, go,
Not Yankee-like, to knit or sew,
Or read or hear, or garments make
The destitute for mercy's sake:
For no such low, degrading labor
Does friend meet friend, or neighbor neighbor;
Not chocolate or tea to sip:
But for a nobler end—to *dip*.

"And ask ye what, ye northern fools,
With all your boasted books and schools—
Ask ye what means that word sublime,
Which soon must sound through ev'ry clime?

Ask ye what high employment 'tis
That 's signified by term like this ?

“ In mystic ring, where harp and lute,
And song, and even tongues are mute ;
Where gentle eyes, expressive looks,
Not fixed, as in the North, in books ;
Or when the sewing group rehearse,
Alternately, in prose or verse,
Or sing, in their old-fashioned chimes,
Montgomery's, Watts', or Cowper's rhymes :
But Southern dame, with dainty lip,
In form approved, prepares—to ' dip.'

“ Behold the gentle, lovely band—
An old black-jack by ev'ry hand
Is soon drawn forth from bag or pocket,
From private drawer or candle-socket ;
And, when a snuff-box is produced,
For nose and mouth thus often used,
Each hastes in rapid turn to *dip*
Her black-jack in—then to her lip ;
The pungent powder, quick as thought,
To her impatient mouth is brought,
And like a tooth-brush rubbed about,
Until it 's time to take it out,
And give another dip in snuff,
Then in the mouth, till it 's enough—
That means, when it, too much by half,
Excites the nerves, and brings a laugh ;
Or dizzily the head begins
To swim, as it were hung on pins ;
And all the sense, we may suppose,
E'er lodged in noddles such as those,
Grows cloudy, and the subject feels
As in an ocean full of eels,
'Midst thousand colors, gay and bright,
Which dazzle the bewildered sight.

To spend a daily hour in this
Delirium is highest bliss.
Such are the dames of chivalry,
The mothers of such knights as we."

Here Makefuss rose in haste, with ardor :
Says he : "That point you may press harder ;
For dipping now, for certain fact, is
A very general Southern practice ;
And I object to the pretense
That Bunkum makes to excellence,
In favor of his native State—
In modern times, at any rate ;
So far from that, he'll surely find
That Maryland's as much refined ;
I claim this for our wives and mothers :"
"And I ! and I !" said all the others.

Bunkum resumed : "I hope I see
Around me those less vexed than me,
By saucy, impudent intrusion
Of Yankee fashions ; oh, confusion
Upon those members of the sex
Who us with Northern notions vex ;
For somehow 'tis those who have wit
And beauty, too, will not submit
To that and other Southern ways,
But favor Northern ones in place ;
Meeting to sew, talk, read, and sip
Coffee or tea, but scorn to dip.

"But turn we to a bright invention,
About which there is no contention.
Upon our high, romantic coast,
Where many a furious wave is tossed,
See, on that beauteous beach of sand,
The trace of native genius' hand,
Which has a great invention made,
Most useful to the Wrecking Trade :

That branch of honest industry
Which long has raised our name so high.
What part of all the Yankee shore,
With rocks and fish-flakes covered o'er,
Can show an equal specimen
Of art so hon'able to men ?
For often now, in night obscure,
When east winds make the surges roar,
The mariner may, here and there,
Westward discern a mimic star,
Which, like a lighthouse, seems to say :
'Here is Henlopen or Cape May ;'
And then, as for a port he steers,
And the mysterious beacon nears,
He sees, dismayed, from lofty deck,
A lantern on a horse's neck ;
For, on that fertile, classic shore,
You may wade out a mile or more ;
And waves help wreckers to destroy
Bad Yankee ships, with this decoy.
He vainly turns the tiller round ;
The keel strikes on the sandy ground,
And morn beholds the Yankee notions
Spread far and wide among the ocean's
Tremendous surges, which despise
As much as we do, heresies,
And love to help on to perdition
Whatever smells of abolition.

"And in Church matters, too, a great
Display of tact we've made of late.
For a good scheme was wisely laid
By some North Carolina head,
To catch the Dutch Reformed Church napping,
And in a kind of eel-pot trap 'em.
But, after all, Dutch sleepiness
Keeps one eye open wide, I guess :

For, with their plans all well laid out,
And cautious looking round about,
Knowing the ground as slipp'ry as glass is,
Came applicants for a Southern classis ;
Saying they 'd been good Lutherans,
But did n't like th' intolerance
Of evangelic principles
By men usurping power and place ;
And freedom loved, and truth so much,
They asked a union with the Dutch.
They might have said they wished, still more,
A little Southern leaven to pour
Into their batch, before it went
In their Dutch oven, and were sent
Expressly here to bring dissension
On the great Christian Slav'ry question.

As usual, there they found a band
Of Northern men, prepared at hand,
Ready to open wide the doors,
And let slaveholders in by scores :
Then certain questions, put by others,
About the Carolina brothers,
Brought out great doctors in defense,
With stores of Doughface eloquence :
For one declared that Abraham
Express examples set for them,
Showing that Slav'ry is right ;
And he would live and die too by 't.
For plainly we may go on swimming,
Buying and selling men and women ;
And, when by death perforce we lose 'em,
"Rest in that bless'd slaveholder's bosom."

This argument drew forth applause,
And next year 'll carry through the cause,
Unless the Synod chance to see
It's good too for Polygamy,

And have the sense (though that's too much
To expect from the pro-slav'ry Dutch)
To answer thus : A Mormon classis
May come and ask for Utah asses
Admission to this very Synod :
Will then our great New-Jersey Nimrod,
Who sounds the horn for hunting men
With bloodhounds, if they try to gain
Their freedom, urge communion with
The base disciples of Joe Smith,
And try to make our Dutch Church sink down
To the vile ranks of Sidney Rigdon ?
Ah ! surely we should all be hissed
For saying, ' Blest Polygamist !'
But, if all go where Abraham is,
By having many slaves or wives,
Then we've a text for many a sermon
Both for the Massa and the Mormon,
And ought to make at once a fusion,
Union to save and Constitution.
And surely there are reasons plain
Why we should wish this end t' attain.

" The progress of amalgamation,
That's parti-coloring the nation
Down South, *de facto*, in Utah
Confuses families by law ;
And soon on eastward, toward Missouri,
Must spread o'er Kansas, too, *de jure*,
If chivalry and Mormons join
On this our now dividing line.
As we have long ago begun
To join both practices in one,
We ought not here to separate
Twin features of our holy State,
Divorcing thus from one another,
What chivalry has joined together.

“ Our Mormon brethren wish to try
Polygamy without Slavery :
But see what wretched work they make
Upon the borders of Salt Lake,
Where, if they'd only joined the two,
They had found friends both strong and true,
And the whole mighty South t' uphold them ;
While now we have t' oppose and scold them :
Our votes and interests had been theirs,
We'd harmonize like grizzly bears,
They would be hon'rabl as we,
And dubbed true knights of chivalry ;
The distant regions of Utah,
Blessed with a Fugitive-wife law,
United with those noble races,
Pro-Slav'ry's knights and Squire Doughfaces,
Until the parti-colored party,
In otio cum dignitate,
Spread o'er the plain and mountain-top,
If grasshoppers don't eat them up,
Or Kansas Yankees go and tell them
To free their slaves, not keep or sell 'em.

“ Oh ! what a glorious coming time,
Unseen as yet, unsung in rhyme,
When we shall rule not only South,
But east, west, north ; and stop the mouth
Of ev'ry man who dares deny
The heav'n-born rights of Slavery !
Oh glorious ! Just look here, look thah !
Bright ! wondrous ! coming glory—ah—
And then—O ! ah ! Bright—yes, indeed—
Spare me, my friends, I can't proceed !”

BOOK II.

THE rising sun his glory sheds
O'er Kansas prairies, groves, and meads,
Where sere December's withered leaf
And herbage smile with pleasure brief,
As, for a moment, films of gold
Their scattered, lifeless forms enfold,
When, through the yellow mists of morn,
The beams the withered wrecks adorn
Of Spring's bright hope and Summer's pride,
By Autumn blasts laid side by side.

Emblems are these of human things ?
While now in peace the poet sings,
Is Time his country urging on
To where the nations past have gone :
The sea of Death, without a shore, -
Where they have sunk, to rise no more ?
And must the fatal die be cast
In Kansas ? Yes ! Then hurry fast,
Ye who would save her from the fate
Of ever being a free State ;
Who, for the honor of mankind,
For Slavery will go it blind ;
Pledging your honor and your blood
For that, the country's highest good.

The council opened late that day,
For reasons which we need not say,
Readers may surely guess aright
That patriot dreams prolonged the night,

Because it must take time to kill
As many Yankees as their will
Inclined them to exterminate,
In slumber as in waking state.
But yet at length they came together,
In rather cold and blustering weather.

And first of all Long-Staple rose,
His generous feelings to disclose,
And thus burst forth in rhapsody,
Worthy the cause and company :

“ O ye who love to join the lays
Of gratitude in Slav’ry’s praise,
Would I had genius and the time
To imitate Palmetto’s rhyme !
I’d sing the great and glorious cause
Of counteracting Nature’s laws,
And justify fair Slavery
The glory of our century,
And show, to ev’ry man’s conviction,
The beauties of flat contradiction :
For such unquestionably the fact is,
Between our principles and practice :
The basis of our Institution
Being nullified by the Constitution,
The very preamble setting free
Those whom we hold in Slavery.

“ Ah, noble chivalry ! the glories
Of heroes told in ancient stories
Are far eclipsed by *Knights of Fury*,
The order founded in Missouri.
’Tis true, some feats of classic rage,
Recorded on Cervantes’ page,
Exalted high a few choice men,
Whose like we ne’er shall see again—
In some respects—while in some others,
History will claim us all as brothers,

When time has dubbed and well rasped off
The bark, and showed the real stuff.
Doubtless those bright examples led
These rival hearts to go ahead ;
Though vain are all their deeds and fame,
In Yankee souls to raise a flame,
I joy to find a worthy race
Rising to fill the vacant place
Of rueful knight and trusty squire,
Whose deeds have set the South on fire.
Lo ! at their call I've left my home,
And through the Yankee States have come :
Where wretched contrast I have found
Throughout that abolition ground.
In all those scenes of desolation,
I sought in vain for one plantation ;
Longing for cheerful scenes again
Of cotton-fields and piney plain.

“ With us, how rural life has charms
Through all the South ! No Yankee farms
Deform the scene ; but, wide and far,
You see but niggers' quarters thar.
And East, what miseries befall them
Who live in cities, as they call them !
Divested of that sweet variety
We have in our refined society.
There houses are of painted wood,
Brick, stone, or stucco ; while our good
Old paintless fashion scarce is seen,
With nigger-quarters placed between.
O'er these the lordly master's dwelling
Appears in double grandeur swelling ;
While palings picturesque shut in
All of the niggers, but the din
Of squealing babies, which are bred,
And on our hog and hom'ny fed,

To sell, in due time, if we can,
According to the rights of man ;
And now and then a lively crack
Of cowhide on a naked back.

“Such sights and sounds I’ve heard and seen
At sunset on our city’s green
—Or rather yellow—streets of sand,
When evening o’er our lovely land
Spread shadows round the scenes where we
Enjoy the sweets of Slavery ;
Except when niggers plot to rise,
And mean to take us by surprise ;
Which brings a pleasing, brief variety,
T’ enliven and refine society.

“O, let me now, in brief, relate
Some of the glories of our state !

“Behold our Slavery divines—
What genius in their doctrine shines !
Where else did any seer or sage
So clearly show, in ev’ry page
Of the great Book, that God addresses
Only white men in all it teaches ?
Excepting only in that word :
‘Slaves, be obedient to your lord.’
And how they get by all the fuss
Made for the slave Onesimus,
Showing the case is even better
Than seems at first sight of the letter :
As Paul, for principle or pelf,
Being judge and marshal both himself,
Catching Onesimus, detained him
Until he had a chance to send him,
Either in handcuffs or in charge
Of constables—sure not at large,
For runaway was never known
To go back willingly, alone.

So, Paul unquestionably bound him,
To send him back to him that owned him ;
And more probably he stripped him,
To find his brand, then soundly whipped him ;
Though these details he never would
Stop to write down, being understood.

“ Thus, from the highest source, we draw
Authority for our Fug'tive Law ;
And, by a nat'ral inference,
For all our punishments from thence.
And with such warrants found at last,
I tell you what—we go on fast ;
And, led by holy men so strong,
We shall get somewhere before long.

“ Now, hear the Gospel, as set forth
By one of our men in the North ;
Who, in his eastern Yankee dwelling,
Raises his voice for buying and selling
His fellow-creatures ; and lets no
Occasion pass to give a blow
At some queer abolition notion,
So thick on both sides of the ocean.
And well for us he finds support ;
For Hallock 's ready to report,
With commendation, all he utters,
And thus his bread on south-side butters—
His *Journal* ever on the lead
Of those who live by cotton-trade.

“ Witness the burst of eloquence
In Richmond made a few months since,
Before the Presbyterian Synod,
Where each divine 's a noble Nimrod,
A mighty hunter of mankind,
Or blows the bugle close behind,
When blood-hounds bay, and noble rivalry
Excites the bold Virginia chivalry ;

When gen'rous masters seize and strip
Women, and tie them up to whip:
But, if a man of strength resists,
Though armed with nothing but his fists,
They prudently the danger shun,
And hunt him down with dog and gun:
For, when we choose, we 're free to shoot,
And, when the slave 's not ours, we do 't;
While clergymen their breath employ
To set on dogs, and cry, 'Stir-boy!'
And all the humane laws uphold
By which our slaves are bought and sold;
Forbid to teach them, in a school,
The Bible or the Golden Rule,
While we appeal, just as we fancy,
To the Gospel or expediency.

"And let me show you how he did it—
Not one in fifty would have hit it;
And Hallock's pleasure was so great,
The *Journal* seemed half animate;
And all the humble, Christian South
Joined in a choir with open mouth,
Declaring apostolic men
Must sure have risen on earth again—
So much like Paul's the doctrine sounded,
Who doubtless lived by slaves surrounded,
And, though he says he worked for pelf,
Means, he worked them, and not himself:
For in holy as unholy lands,
The master's niggers are his 'hands';
Though as for 'craft,' which Luke extols,
The doctor's differs some from Paul's.

"Now listen to the ingenious ways
He argued out the Mission case;
And say who, beyond Mason-Dixon,
Has wit enough such truth to fix on.

“The converts claimed by Northern brethren
Are only twenty thousand heathen :
Yet this they think a mighty matter,
While modest Southrons have done better :
Saved fifty thousand slaves from clutches
Of paganism in the churches ;
Though we, so far from all self-glory,
Ne’er knew it till he told the story.

“But there’s a flaw or two we find,
O’erlooked by Yankees, they’re so blind,
The argument will greatly weaken :
For it makes all our negroes heathen ;
And then, of course, next comes the question,
Why did n’t we first make them Christian—
With the two millions in th’ account :
Which make a rather black amount ?

“Now, had not abolition stunted
All Yankees’ minds, as it has blunted
Their feelings for our rights divine,
They’d say : ‘Such logic cuts a shine !’
But the *Journal* boldly sounds it forth,
And praise is echoed from the North ;
So that this novel argument
Prevails by general consent ;
And Johnson’s church and Atchison’s jury
Will hang or drown in the Missouri,
All who may venture to deny
This claim of Christian chivalry ;
While many a northern congregation
Will listen to our commendation,
And an ingenious interweaving
Of hints of men the Church deceiving
By mock, ill-judged philanthropy,
Who ne’er saw Slav’ry close by ;
Which never was, as now it ain’t
What some imaginations paint ;

It is a bad thing, yet a good :
But one that can't be understood,
Except by those whose own it is ;
Masters alone have any busi-
Ness e'er to say a single word :
It lies between them and the Lord,
Who gave them slaves, for some great end
Niggers and you can't comprehend ;
But let 's them keep, or sell, or whip them,
Till somebody may somehow ship them
To Africa, their native land,
When God shall order and command.
And there the Christian Southrons now
Wish to let all the free ones go,
With the old and saucy, lame and blind,
When Northerners the money find,
To buy and colonize, and say—
'There ! rival us in Charity !'

“ And many a time will such a text
Be preached from, between now and next
Election-day—at least by all
The clergy who are priests of Baal.
“ How sweet the songs which niggers raise,
When told to, in fair Slav'ry's praise !
How many a speech has been repeated,
How many an anecdote related,
Which fell like honey from the lips
Of niggers, in the praise of whips,
Gags, handcuffs, overwork, and blood,
As favors granted for their good !
Such tales have sometimes been writ down,
And printed in a Northern town ;
And, being well authenticated
By the master, can't be overrated,
As genuine evidence that they
And other slaves choose Slav'ry.

- And why not ? Is n't their living furnished ?
Are not their faults all promptly punished ?
Then what more can they ever lack,
With clothes and cowhides on their back ?

“ But see the open violation
Of Scripture, by the Yankee nation,
Who, when our great, magnanimous
Slave-catcher, his Onesimus
(Named Simms) sent men to catch in Boston,
And brought him back with so much osten-
Tation—to vaunt in bravery
That triumph gained by Slavery,
Having arranged all matters so,
Made in the streets a mighty show ;
Which proved to all men's comprehension
The slave's pursuit and apprehension ;
Displayed the triumph of that cause
For which alone we 've land and laws ;
The source of our high civilization,
And why we are such a mighty nation.

“ For this, Mass' Potter made that rousin'
Muss for the glorious seventy thousan'
Slaveholders, who have proved their worth
And right to rule the coward North.

“ Glory to him who owned the nigger !
Who's made us all feel so much bigger ;
To Uncle Sam's men, guns and powder,
But glory longer, glory louder,
To him who holds the highest place
At Washington—the Great Doughface !

“ And such chivalric, generous
Men are abundant among us.
When Spring to Sumner yields the van,
Behold the Southern Ottoman
Bound to the North, with full intent
To do the good on which he 's bent :

There to display his condescension,
And make on Yankees an impression.
There, once in three, four, or six years,
Just as he finds that he can fix his
Money affairs and manage things,
He starts to visit Northern Springs,
For nothing but the benefits
Of wretched men in the Free States ;
To set before them a display
Of the blessings of fair Slavery.
Soon as he 's made the best arrangement,
Mortgaged his crops at low per cent.,
And all the money raised he can,
To travel like a gentleman,
Dressing himself in better clothes,
And changing his plantation shoes,
Some Yankee tailor and shoemaker,
Telling what fashions he must take a-
Long with him, that he may not
Mistake, and get the last year's cut,
Then choosing from his family
His brightest sons and daughters, he
With specimens of ev'ry hue
His particolored niggers show,
Starts on a long, eventful roaming—
Yankees, look out ! a rich man 's coming !”

Just then a motley party entered,
On whom the whole attention centered :
A band of prisoners was announced,
Found in a limestone cave ensconced,
Not far from where, in treaty solemn,
The Indians, as we do with all o' em,
By smoking pipes and shaking hands,
Had got, by swapping their old lands,
A tract, and promise, in part pay,
That they should not be driven away,

But, undisturbed, should live alone
While grass shall grow and water run :
A promise we 'd ne'er turn our backs on,
Being guarantied by Andrew Jackson,
Whose treaties must say what they mean,
As he had only broke fourteen.
And they enjoyed what thus was granted,
Till chivalry their country wanted ;
And then the squatters from Missouri
Came, without either judge or jury,
Marked out their claims, bade them defiance,
Placing on noble Pierce reliance ;
And there they are, and mean to stay,
Till Yankees all are driven away ;
The treaty keeping to the letter,
(And who could ask them to do better ?)
Not taking Indian lands or game
Until the first cold weather came,
The season when, as plainly meant,
The treaty ceased, by joint consent,
When Winter stopped the grass from growing,
And all the springs and brooks from flowing,
Nature fulfilling its conditions,
Up to its latest requisitions.

And now our big Doughface admits
This equitable view ; and fits
His practice to the great occasion,
Calling intrusion no invasion ;
And makes amends by showing abhorrence
Of legal settlers at Lawrence ;
Lets border-ruffians steal his cannon
At call of chivalry and Shannon.

We said a motley party entered,
On whom the whole attention centered :
They were all solemnly announced
Suspicious persons, caught at once,

And seeming of the Yankee stamp,
Were brought to the Law and Order camp.

"Stand out, and answer to your names!"
The captain of the band exclaims;
Who an odd list in turn called out,
Then asked: "Tell what you came about,
Where none but friends of Slavery
Have any right at all to be.—

Whittler, your given name, I pray,
And who and whence you are, please say?"

"Well, then," replied a saucy ranger,
"I'm from the east of sunrise, stranger;
You would n't, if you had been out there,
Ask such a question as that are."

This speaker, meantime, held a knife,
With which he whittled, as for life,
A walnut-stick, and seemed to try
How fast he'd make the splinters fly:
And, as he whittled, so he talked,
Nor for a single moment balked:

"This knife cuts well though, don't you see?
A first-rate blade, 'twas made by me;
I'm glad to find good stuff in Kansas:
I tell you what, this timber answers,
If other things should prove as good,
If men have only pluck and blood!
For here there soon has got to be
Great doings 'mong us."—"Yes, sir-ee!"
Exclaimed a voice, which soon o'erpowered
And drowned the speaker's final word.
But whispers passed among the crowd,
And some of Whittler spoke aloud;
Although his tongue was rather loose,
He might be "right upon the Goose;"
And a gay cackling plainly proved
This thought was generally approved.

Whittler resumed: "You ask to know
My name, where from, and what I do;
The Yankees, it has oft been told,
With strangers sometimes are too bold,
Making them give a thousand answers:
I'm glad you don't do so in Kansas;
More mannerly you seem to be,
You only ask for two or three;
But these are rather comprehensive,
And therefore I must talk extensive."

"My business was a-sellin' tin
Down South—perhaps 'twill be agin;
I understand how matters go,
And have a few good friends or so.
If you should see me when to home,
Back from the Southern States, I've come,
Stand up for things in your dominions
Of which they have some wrong opinions,
And see how Yankees wrathful turned
To hear of things they'd never learned—
Why, some to this day will insist
I'm not an Abolitionist."

"And no he ain't," said Tuckahoe
To friends around him, speaking low.
Quick round the tidings softly went,
And nods and winks expressed assent.

Whittler, who had seen folks before,
Saw things worked well, and said no more;
But soon a general cry arose
To hear their Doughface friend expose
The state of things in that abhorred
Land, which the niggers call "Big Norrod:"
For they presumed he had some knowledge
Not taught in William and Mary College;
And other bus'ness should be laid by
To listen to what might be said by

Their new-found friend, whose pardon now
They asked for having treated so.

The stranger bowed with awkwardness,
And said: "I rather kind o' guess,
Though you've not thought worth while to mention,
You must be having a convention;
And, as I don't know what you've done,
Or mean to, I should let alone
Your business, though I want to say
Some things I've seen in former day."

The members warmly pressed him still:
"Well, I'll proceed, as 'tis your will.
I've traveled many a Southern State,
And often listened to debate
On the great subject all allow
To be the biggest any how;
And though I heard much wise remark,
I thought some men were in the dark;
And, as you please, I will let drop
A few ideas that first come up;
Hoping our present kind communion
May help preserve our glorious Union!"

[Applause here proved how much the whole
Country was dear to every soul.]

"I've heard both questionings and answers
About the doings here in Kansas;
Of honors shed upon the nation
By the policy of vacillation,
Practiced no more by those alone
Who pull the strings in Washington,
But introduced, by force of bounty,
Among the heroes of Platte county;
And of th' egg laid with intent to hatch
By shock of telegraph dispatch,
But addled, for Pierce's word to 'fire'
Was sent by mail, and not by wire.

I hope to hear some explanation
Of what has made such consternation.

“Some men will undertake to show
From facts, that niggers can not go
Alone ; and that you masters do
As you 'd have others do to you ;
And say that their assertions prove
That Slav'ry 's but the Law of Love ;
That Abolition in the West
Indies has failed, and is not best
Even for slaves, who 're ruined by it,
And 'twould be wrong for us to try it ;
T^o law and Gospel being untrue,
In principle and practice too.
—I 'll tell you now how matters be ;
Then you can judge as well as me ;
For in a case of mere opinion
All men, as most in the Old Dominion,
May talk all day, and when they 're done,
Stop at the place where they begun.
This glorious liberty of speech
Is happily in all men's reach ;
For it our Congress was invented,
And there 'tis most of all extended.
But, when the question one of fact is,
We must pursue a different practice.
I 'll tell you now what I have seen
In the West Indies, where I 've been.

“I spent last winter in Jamaica :
Having old tin, I thought I 'd make a
Trip down to visit the free niggers,
And sell some things of shapes and figures
That once were all the fashion here,
And now are 's good 's they ever were.
I took some notions in a schooner,
And got my truck off rather sooner

Than I ever did in the South or West :
Of all my ventures, 'twas the best.
You see, their sugar used to come
Away, but now they keep it home ;
Eat what they want, and sell the rest
For food or clothes—what they like best.
Some people say the export 's small,
And others that there 's none at all.
But they 're not quite so lazy either,
As you have heard, nor drunken neither.
They were good slaves, but better free :
Though that may not suit you or me ;
And though to you the tale I tell,
Just keep it close ; you may as well.
People may call them poor : I say
They 'd cash for my tin any way ;
And whether they gained by 't or not,
I did—they shelled out on the spot.

“ But never let these facts be printed,
Nor even to the Yankees hinted ;
Though truth requires, and I must say
Those niggers now are in a way
I 'd like myself, sometimes I think :
With all they want to eat and drink,
And only mod'rate work to do,
With liberty to come and go.
They make good workmen and good neighbors,
And seem as willing for their labors
As your best hands do, with the crack
Of cowhides on their naked back.

“ In short, my friends, I would remark
About Jamaica—just keep dark !

“ Another thing 's now in my head,
On which a word may well be said.
For I 've had some experience
Both in attack and in defense ;

And think I possibly may know
What will be of some use to you.
I'll tell you what I've heard and seen,
And then you can decide between
The different ways of arguing,
And things to some fixed point may bring ;
Though hitherto, I know, the fact is;
That has not been your aim or practice :
You choose a free, unbounded range,
And when you're pushed, the subject change.

“The way in which some push one notion,
In my opinion, is a caution ;
For lately they have made a strike
To take your slaves just where you like ;
Through all the North, and all the world,
And that our flag should be unfurled
To guard that highest, noblest right,
And if there is objection—*fight !!*
The claim, I'm sure, is just as good,
In principle, as if it stood
A hundred years ; but, look a moment,
And see what's likely to come on it.

“Your right of property includes
The power to take your human goods—
Black, yellow, brown, and any other ;
Son, daughter, sister, or half-brother,
All chained in gangs, and gag in mouth—
Through other States, as now in the South ;
To flog them when they disobey,
On Boston Common or Broadway ;
And if you threaten that you will
All counter State-laws soon repeal,
The Yankees sure will trump this claim
By taking ground they call the same,
Ironically thanking you
For kindly hinting what to do.

They 'll claim their right, as freemen, saves
From the disgust of seeing slaves ;
Which they all say is a disgrace
To them and the whole human race ;
In our own time especially,
And land, which boasts of being free.
'*Ubi Libertas, ibi Patria,*'
They 'll say has meaning ; and they 'll try a
Tug at the question, in some court,
And guess they 'll yet get something for 't.
If '*Ubi Patria, ibi Libertas,*'
Then they 've a good right just as soon as
They see a slave, to set him free ;
And you invade their liberty,
If you resist them in the South.

"Thus you teach them to stop your mouth,
Whenever this new claim 's presented
Which somebody has just invented.

"I must object, and strongly, to
The great King's Mountain Barbecue,
In memory of old men down there
Who fought in the Revolution War.
They 'd better rather quiet keep,
And leave those men and times to sleep :
They 'll do more harm than they are counting,
Waking the heroes of King's Mountain.
For slav'ry and fight should never,
As cause and effect, be joined together ;
And never let the niggers hear
That Liberty 's been got by war ;
Nor any Slavery condemn
While you keep putting it on them.
And, now you 're praising up its worth
For special objects in the North,
You should be careful what you do,
Or you may tread on your own toe.

Yankees and niggers are too prone
Not to take such things one by one ;
They 're not content to think of either
Alone, but put them both together ;
And now you give them an example,
Which they will claim as clear and ample
To justify those Abolition
Doctrines, which you pronounce sedition.

“To change the subject. Some project
A thing to which you 'll not object ;
And which I now as well may mention,
To bring it before this Convention.
'Tis said the White House ought to be
Striped black and white alternately ;
Or painted black the Southern side,
The northern white, and both ends pied :
But Doughfaced friends could not approve
The former ; and I therefore move
A reference, to avoid dissension,
To a committee of this whole Convention,
That, by petition, early they
The subject before Congress lay,
Praying to make appropriation
In honor of amalgamation.”

A warm debate rose on this motion ;
And we 've before us now an ocean
Of our reporter's notes, abounding
With thoughts sublime, and phrases sounding :
But we must lay those treasures by
Until the Fourth of next July,
When extracts may the world surprise
From mouths of Douglass, Cass, and Wise.

We pass, with our poetic pen,
To where Friend Whittler rose again :

“I'm told,” said he, “that Toombs will go
To Boston, if invited to,

To give a lecture, and the reason
Why Abolition must be treason.
They say that men like him and Wise
From Yankees never get replies ;
But my opinion is, you 'll find
The people there will prove too blind,
To see the force of arguments
To which each Southern mind assents ;
And, when he 's done his lecture, many
Will say : ' Good sir, you 've shot your granny !'
So 'customed are they to deny
The doctrines which the South lives by,
And so perversely are they set
To parry every stroke of wit.
The arguments you gravely use,
With ridicule they oft abuse ;
And such as hardly can require any
Question or proof, they treat with irony—
That easy way to raise your passion
With them is an established fashion."

" Ah !" cried Palmetto, " here 's a weapon
Better than that !" and put a cap on
A pistol, he drew from his pocket :
All shuddered, as they heard him cock it.

" Oh, don't !" cried Whittler ; " don't you shoot !
For if you only say you 'll do 't
In Massachusetts, sure as fate
The Yankees all will quit the State ;
For, such a threat'ning aspect now
Has thunder-clouded all your brow,
No coward could endure the sight,
All must evaporate in flight."

Then Edgefield rose, " To make amends
For seeming slight to best of friends,
That Southern interests ever found
Beyond the line of Slav'ry's bound :

Friends ever true in time of need,
The spelling-book calls friends indeed—
I mean that second-best of races,
The Northern genuine Doughfaces.”

The speaker here was inundated
By shouts, which seemed reverberated
From the blue, vaulted sky above,
As if returned from halls of Jove ;
And we may just as well maintain
That demigods approved the strain,
As Homer, when he overrates
His heroes of the old free States ;
Who 'd not the wit or bravery
Of modern knights of Slavery.
'Tis certain, Whittler's counsel kind
Drew thanks from ev'ry human mind ;
For shouts again broke from the crowd,
When he rose up, and smiling bowed.

Edgefield resumed, when he sat down,
And with his eulogy went on :

“ I sing the Doughface of the North !
Palmetto, bring your banjo forth ;
And, when our banner is unfurled,
We 'll spread his name through all the world.
Oh, what a great and glorious race !
Endowed with wondrous powers of face :
A double aspect, voice, and mouth,
All at the service of the South ;
They long have proved themselves to be
Kind volunteers for Slavery ;
Endure the charges made by all
Their friends and neighbors, great and small,
Of having Southern preferences,
And having seared their consciences ;
Mending the laws of men and God
By interpreting in our own mode,

And standing ready for the sign
With us in hearty league to join ;
Of breaking from the education,
Instilled in all the Yankee nation,
In church, and school, and family,
At firesides and on mother's knee,
Taught everywhere, and in all ways—
That Scripture means just what it says.
Alas ! how this must worry you,
Especially as it is true !

“ Oh ! meek, enduring, Doughfaced friends.
To you the South her hand extends :
Take it ! You 'll find it warm with love,
Though clad in chivalry's war-glove ;
Go on ! your mission high fulfill,
Use the same double-dealing still.

“ What ground we have to be contented
Since Doughfaces were first invented !
How great the genius did devise
Them, and Missouri's Compromise !
My pen despairs, when it begins
To paint those wonderful machines.
They seem of India-rubber made,
With gutta-percha overspread,
And all together vulcanized,
Cured, parboiled, stretched, and rolled and sized ;
Calves' pates and catgut pressed in one,
Fried, boiled, and baked, dried in the sun
Of place and flattery, till the mouth
Smiles on the left side, toward the South,
With dubious aspect North and West,
Whose real meaning can't be guessed ;
For, shrinking, stretching, and contracting,
One feature t' other counteracting,
Twisting and twitching diff'rent ways,
Denying what each other says ;

Eyes, mouth, and even nose conflicting,
Only agreed in contradicting ;
Look where you will, an awful sight,
But with worst fits on 'lection night.

“ We always have some job or other
In which to employ a Doughface brother ;
And now perhaps the time has come
To treat the North with our great home—
Reserve of troops, we now and then
Speak of, to frighten Northern men.
Why not propose to bring them here ?
The Yankees will hold back, for fear ;
Who now are coming in so fast,
They 'll fill all Kansas up at last.
Our Doughface friends will, any day,
Re-echo all we choose to say ;
Our biggest stories all repeat,
And, when they can, exaggerate.

“ We, now and then, in lofty tone,
Speak of the men we trample on ;
Those many white folks whom we, few,
Manage to keep forever low,
Poor, helpless, and too ignorant
Ever to get what most they want ;
Who, though the great majority
Beneath our power degraded lie,
While we, for mere conscience' sake,
Our frequent claim for Slav'ry make,
On ground that white men are superior,
Though they are oft to slaves inferior ;
And 'tis our interest that they
Remain so, being the majority—
Or they would on our shoulders ride,
And turn the Southern States wrong side
Up, and make each of us just what
• I call myself—a Democrat!

"They ask for work, but we're not willing,
And never let them earn a shilling,
But make them think that arts and trades,
And all but idleness, degrades ;
And none can richer grow or bigger,
Unless he owns at least one nigger.
We take good care they have no schools,
To learn mistakes, and that they're fools
For swallowing all the trash we tell,
But teach them how to mind us well.

"These are the bands invincible
Whose force and prowess make a swell
In our Congressional romances,
And act so strong on Northern fancies.
We magnify these clay-fed creatures,
Paint up their sallow, lifeless features,
Form them in cohorts, *in terrorem*,
And tell the North to run before 'em.
Aghast the Yankees stand and tremble,
And scarcely can their fears dissemble ;
Give us their hands in close communion,
And preach and pray against disunion ;
Then turn and grant us all we ask,
While we laugh loud behind our mask.

"Oh, rich the scenes and oft repeated,
Each session tried, and ne'er defeated :
With aid our Doughfaced friends afford,
With solemn look and broken word !
See how at our command they caper,
Predict, protest, remonstrate, vapor,
Lead on their friends, desert, betray,
Vow, contradict—all just our way ;
Retreat, advance, fire, and fall back,
Gesticulate like dancing Jack.
Helped by their tricks, we after all
Succeed before we close the ball ;

To see the North so taken in,
Is fun for us behind the scene.

“This game we ’ve practiced o’er and o’er,
And mean to many a session more ;
Vaunting the gen’rous, noble spirit,
We from our nurses black inherit ;
Constituents boast of loftiest breed,
Though they can neither write nor read ;
And those two millions of black cattle,
We dignify with name of chattel,
Who Congress stock, as you can see,
With men of pure democracy.

“And it is well the North consents,
Nor yet demands experiments
To prove the truth of what we claim,
But yields submissively and tame ;
For, if we were but brought to show
How much we boast, how little do,
Our mask would fall ; and they, poor elves,
Would see us bow before themselves.

“But there ’s no danger yet to fear,
While Doughfaced friends are true and near ;
For, whatsoe’er the case or question,
However long or hot the session,
They ’ll patiently sit by and watch them
Till the vote comes ; and then we catch them,
By some new pretext or device,
Aided by men expert and wise.

“Next Congress, ’twill be all the rage
For the old fogies, timid, sage,
To intervene to save the nation
From the long-threat’ned conflagration,
Which Abolitionists prepare—
No mortal can tell how or where—
But somebody ’s fanatical,
Has been or will be, must and shall ;

In vain to say that Northern men
 Have smelt no smoke from here to Maine ;
 We'll still insist a fire is made,
 That's spreading Southward, gaining head ;
 And what each one of us infers is,
 There's dreadful times up in the Jerseys.
 This or some other good pretext
 Will save us this time or the next ;
 And our white slaves, when drunk, will go }
 To Kansas or to Mexico,
 And mind us while we keep them so. }

"Then, to encourage Foggy fear,
 A Southern army let's prepare—
 At least on paper—to march forth,
 And overwhelm the coward North.
 We all have cousins, sons, or brothers ;
 Some look like us, and some like others
 And we can tell our editors
 To say the world may credit us,
 Our resolution now is taken,
 By a last blow to save our bacon ;
 Seeing, if Kansas should be free,
 Missouri's lost to Slavery,
 We will pour out half our endless wealth
 To conquer it, by force or stealth ;
 And now let's mutually engage
 To get a second—third mortgage,
 Of ev'ry lender we can find,
 On all our friends that stay behind ;
 And thus hire, clothe, and feed and pay
 White niggers in a bright array,
 With chivalry and whisky filled,
 Rifles and Bibles, for the field,
 And bring them here to vote or fight,
 And many a priest will preach '*All's right !*'"

Short-Staple here remarked : " That plan
Sounds well ; but yesterday a man
Who had been sent so from the South,
Talked from the other side o' his mouth.
I need not tell you all he said,
But 'twas enough to show that trade
May sometimes be a losing one :
If they change sides, 'twill be poor fun.

" The difficulty 's here : we can't
Keep them all blind here, as we want :
For Yankees have a diff'rent way
Of treating poor folks ; because they
Have never owned a single nigger,
But work themselves, they feel no bigger
Than our poor white folks ; and shake hands,
Help them to cultivate their lands,
Lend tools, machines, and teach them more
Than they or we e'er knew before ;
So that the poor man thinks them friends,
Votes with them, and you miss your ends.

" But here my few remarks I close ;
For we must all desire repose."

He ceased ; and silence filled the air ;
But who can tell what thoughts were there,
Or th' amount of that day's business speak ?—
More than in Congress in a week !

And now the time for rest had come,
All being sleepy, tipsy some ;
And, as 'twas rather chilly weather,
They put their buffalo-skins together ;
While heroes who had none, en masse
Lay on dry leaves and prairie-grass ;
When Morpheus, finding them so snug,
Embraced them all in one great hug.

That night, raccoons kept holiday
Through all Platte County ; and, they say,

The breezes made a moaning sound,
Her empty whisky-shops around ;
And smiled the moon, who sad had set,
To find the Yankees living yet.

While the chivalric host in sleep
And whisky, put their cares to steep,
The only wakeful man among them,
Seeing how Morpheus had o'ercome them,
Started alone, his luck to try,
On the enemy to act as spy.

The stars, as may be thought, were watching,
To see what trouble new was hatching ;
And all their staring eyes gave light
Enough to pick out his way by 't.
Soon he perceived the Yankee town,
With sentries posted up and down ;
Their rifles beaming bright and clear,
But thought he would n't go too near,
Though not a shot, a drum, or word
From any quarter could be heard.
He therefore turned another way,
And, ere he knew it, got astray ;
Wandered through forest shades awhile,
The prairie crossed about a mile,
Then saw a log-house, with a light
Through chinks all shining clear and bright ;
And said : " I'll try for once and see
How Abolitionists agree ;
If they can ever live in peace
Who 've got us in this pretty mess."

He looked, and saw the strangest sight :
He thought his eyes could not be right :
He saw a mother sitting near,
Her infant sleeping by the fire ;
A shelf of books hung from a staple,
A large one open on a table ;

And, when she 'd silent read awhile,
She raised her eyes, with sweetest smile,
And said aloud a prayer for those
Who falsely think free men their foes ;
And asked that blessings yet might come
On Kansas, now her chosen home,
Asked strength her trials to endure,
And all Heav'n's riches for the poor.

"I'm poor enough myself," thought he ;
"Then that sweet angel prays for me!"

He was not near enough to read,
And could n't, if he 'd been, indeed ;
For in the land where he was bred,
Poor men are never fit to ed-
Ucate : their eyes not meant to light
The darkness of their inward night ;
To Massas only being given
Exclusive rights to earth and heaven.
Not knowing this, Yankees had brought
Those books from home, with stores of thought
And truths divine, here to dispense,
With the free notions brought from thence,
Resolved to rear as well as plant them
In the very place where we don't want them.

Among the books on shelf and stand
Were "David's Psalms," the "Social Band,"
"Saints' Rest," read by that mother long
Who shares it with the holy throng ;
"Hannah More's Life and Piety,"
"Dick on the Improvement of Society,"
"Barnes' Notes" and "Union Question-books,"
A library for the little folks,
The "Village Hymns," "Watts' Divine
Songs," and a Map of Palestine ;
With Cowper and Newton, Tyndall, Fox,
Rollin, and Addison, and Knox ;

With native books: but only those
Worthy of worthy native's house;
And "Edwards' Will," "Foster's Essay,"
Inscribed: "This book brought me this way."

The youthful mother soon a song
Began; and as it was not long,
We'll give it here, as one or more
Readers may not have seen 't before:

SONG OF THE SETTLER'S WIFE.

Adieu, my native village!
My dear New England home;
In dreams from Kansas, often,
To visit you I'll come.

Adieu, dear friends and neighbors!
I go, but will not mourn;
For there I hope to welcome you,
Though I may not return.

In far and fertile Kansas,
The center of our land,
My noble husband's going,
With freedom's gen'rous band.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, wand'ring,
Left wealth and homes behind;
But brought their Bibles with them,
The treasure of mankind.

To Kansas we will carry
New England's church and mill;
And you shall hear your welcome
From our first Sabbath-bell.

The list'ner turned, and walked again,
And sought a resting-place in vain;

Till, near a tall black walnut-tree,
He chanced a new log-house to see,
Where, welcomed in, he took a seat
On a large log, to warm his feet,
While a small family attend
A fire that blazed about the end ;
And as the flames gained slowly on,
They moved a little more anon :
While supper cooked, they talked on steady,
And ate upon it when 'twas ready.
A rough but gen'rous host, and wife,
Brought all their furniture—a knife ;
Which, having skinned and cut a deer,
Now came to carve the smoking cheer.
Awhile their tongues on, chatting, ran,
When, " Whisky 's out !" exclaimed the man ;
" And, what is more, 'twill always be ;
In this house none you 'll ever see.
Stranger, I tell you free and frank,
Until last week I always drank ;
But Yankees showed me the abuse,
And they 're such friends, I can't refuse.
I'd heard most dreadful tales about them ;
But now I can not do without them.
You see that rifle ? That I got
At some of them to have a shot :
But now, let any man pretend
To say a word against my friend,
Who lives in yonder piece of wood thar,
He 'll find what ball and powder 's good for.
Stranger, I see you 're from the South ;
And so am I ; and if my mouth
Was wide as the Missouri's is,
I'd tell all poor white folks just this :
Come straight to Kansas, take a farm :
It's full of Yankees ; but no harm :

They'll help, not hurt you, all they can ;
And turn you, right off, to a man.

“O, what mistakes I find I made
In trusting what the Nabobs said !
Fool ! to believe the lies they told me !
They cheated me, that they might hold me
Forever in that Slavery
You are under, as I used to be.
I see it now, as clear as light :
They hire poor men to come and fight,
That they may live at home at ease,
And rule their niggers as they please.
Why don't they come and fight the North ?
Not brag so, and send others forth ?
Why do they now seem all so kind,
Flatter and coax us ? 'Tis to blind
Our eyes to all they've done before ;
To keep us ignorant and poor ;
Allowing us to get no land,
Or schools, that we might understand
Our rights or wrongs, or how to be
Worthy to live, or fit to die.
I understand it why they now
Urge you to leave your home and go
Up this way ;—I was in a fury,
They talked so mad about Missouri,
That I thought Abolitionists
Were really worse than savage beasts ;
And, as they kept me whisky-drinking,
Half-drunk, and without time for thinking,
Started me off one pleasant day :
The first I knew, I was half-way
To Kansas, where they thought, no doubt,
I'd serve them, ere I found them out.
But I got sober just too soon ;
They'll find their job won't quite be done :

I've learned the truth, I've found the light—
For them I'll neither vote nor fight.

And now I tell to all I see
How those false friends have cheated me;
And all the poor Southerners I know
Now feel and talk exactly so.

I tell you, if their friends down South
Could see them, how they'd twist their mouth!
Each with a good large farm,
And some already with a house and home.

“They talk of keeping up the trick,
By sending more. They'll soon be sick
Of such a bargain, when they see
We all turn anti-Slavery.

O let them send on all they can;
We'll bring them our side, every man.
Send on, send on! At last they'll find
They'd better let them stay behind.
For ev'ry poor man, when he gets
Here, gives the men that sent him fits;
For, soon as once he opes his eyes,
He sees himself a man, full size.

“Why, let me tell you: this new cabin
Hasn't got a single log or slab in,
But what was lifted at one end
By me, and the other by my friend;
My Yankee friend, who kind assisted
To bring and put it where I wished it.
A kinder set of men you never
Saw, heard, or thought of; and whoever
Believes what slave-men say against them,
Will find in me one who defends them.

“How different from a Southern lord!
Too big to speak a civil word
To a poor man, like you and me,
They've ruined by their Slavery;

They scorn us if we ask for labor,
And will not own us as a neighbor :
But here industrious men are able
To thrive, for work is honorable ;
Economy and industry,
With knowledge and sobriety,
Put you upon the rising scale,
While idleness and vice must fail.

“ Already I can see before,
A little fortune lies in store ;
My youngest children learning well
Their A B C's and how to spell ;
The big ones have got Bibles, and
Other good books they understand ;
And maps of different lands and seas,
And they are happy as you please.

“ You see, with Abolitionists,
When Sunday comes, it's never missed,
But round they go—it is their rule—
To take us all to Sabbath-school.
You ask, what pay ? Why, not a cent ;
They say their time is happiest spent
In doing good to one another :
In fact I'm treated like a brother.
And only think : this land I take here
Will sell for ten times more an acre,
When Kansas once is a free State,
(As it's got to be, at any rate),
Than most land in the South would now,
Or ever will do, any how,
Until the happy day shall come
When Slav'ry's done in our old home.

“ But I forget how long I'm talking,
And how you must be tired with walking ;
So, stranger, there's your bed—all weathers
We sleep on these good prairie-feathers :

I hope you 'll find it fixed to suit ;
The best we 've got—you 're welcome to 't."

When next the sun o'er Kansas rose,
And heroes did their eyes unclose,
One man was missing ; and in vain
They called ; he ne'er came back again.
Reader, would you his story learn ?
Across the prairie take a turn ;
Ask for a squatter by his name :
You 'll find him staking off a claim .
Befooled by what he 's seen and heard,
Daring to doubt our rich men's word ;
Thankless for being allowed to vote
For Slavery, an honor not
Granted to such as him at home,
For fear that somehow they may come
Down on the Nabobs with their tricks,
Some odd time, like a thousand bricks.
To see ingratitude expressed
For what our poor white men has blessed—
Slavery—in which they 're so interested,
In which they have so much invested ;
It casts a dark cloud o'er our way,
It shows that Southrons can betray ;
And sorrow interrupts our stanzas
On finding things work so in Kansas ;
For, while we boast our vessel stout,
We find the bottom falling out.

BOOK III.

BUT haste we back to Wakarusa,
To see how Freedom's friends will use her ;
And pass we by the Shawnee lands,
Where Reverend Tom Johnson stands
Amid his negro-slaves, to teach
Young Indians Freedom's English speech ;
And, by experiments, to show
How suent Christian doctrines go,
Inculcated by threat and blow ;
And how effectually the fact is
Displayed in Methodist-South practice,
Stop not, though there Missourians sate,
By squatter rules to legislate ;
Though thither classic shades invoke us,
To worship at the shrine of Bogus ;
For Hist'ry there will surely claim
The zenith-point of Pierce's reign ;
Who thus fulfilled the high intent
For which he was made President,
Resting on glorious deeds afar
His prodigies performed in war,
When " Montezuma !" was the cry,
And heroes to the field did fly,
By steam, on horse, or foot-back go,
To liberate all Mexico ;
Slaveholders plead pure Freedom's cause,
Rowdies make fight to extend her laws,

Those who in whisky-shops learned wisdom
Vow to extend our free-school system—
Not in their schoolless States—O no,
But in the fields of Mexico,
And force on strangers blessings, some
Never had stomach for at home.

All this they accomplished quite as well
As those who knew them did foretell;
And Pierce, in the rear, eclipsed them all,
By a heroic crupper-fall;
Which first raised question—How he did it?
And admiration when repeated;
But Chivalry, who aye appreciates
When such a hero tergiversates,
Said: "Such success, with such intent,
Marks him for our next President!
He'll do all that we say he ought to,
A Doughface of the highest order!"

How many a glorious reminiscence
Wakens as we recall that business!
What rhymes and cantos seem to stand
In order, ready-made to hand,
As we review the fadeless glo-
ries they won in Mexico!
Questions of territory misty
We clear by seizing Corpus Christi;
Whigs vote against the proclamation
Of war, and for the appropriation;
Irish brigades, at priests' command,
Desert, for pay in promised land;
When Mexico required a suit,
One Taylor was enough to do 't;
Buena Vista yields to Bragg;
Scott chases Santa Anna's leg;
And, to promote religious freedom,
To Romish idols bends his knee down!

O, what a chance, and how sublime,
For one who 'll put this all in rhyme !

The poet here is sorely tempted
To claim this tract, and to pre-empt it ;
For it shows timber, soil, and water
To work up well ; and no man ought to
Here break the sod, raise house or mill ;
For, if he 's time and pen, he will
Make on this theme the greatest poem
They can expect who really know him.
The claim is his, by settled right
Of squatter law ; as legal quite
As votes Missourians did give,
Or Bogus Whitfield e'er receive.
So here 's my corner-stake and name ;
Let no intruder jump this claim.

But, though such themes the poet tempt,
From selfish views he 's so exempt,
He never writes for praise or pelf,
But only just to please himself ;
And mighty men and deeds record,
Deserving such a high reward.
He never means to write for pay
Till verse sells better than to-day ;—
So, turning from the tempting scene,
He takes up history again.

Then haste we back again, to where
The Council reassembled are ;
And soon will be a dreadful set-to
By Tuckahoe and great Palmetto,
Who represent the opposing claims
Of their two States, which yet in flames
May wrap them both, and the universe,
Of which they are chief parts, of course.
For here the poet, with regret,
Will have a sad tale to relate ;

And pains like Æneas's come o'er him
To *renovare* much *dolorem* :
For difficulty rose between
Two of the most conspicuous men ;
Such as we witness, more or less,
At ev'ry session of Congress.
But how the dang'rous contest rose,
And why it did not come to blows,
And how it was each patriot fire
Was outened when 'twas flaming higher,
And almost, if not quite as hot
As whisky-drams they both had got ;
All this, and more, will plain appear
To those who either read or hear.

The chiefs again in Council met,
And Tuckahoe began debate :

“ Our Doughfaced friend has shed much light
Upon us : may we profit by 't !
Let us now ask ourselves, if we
Should change our long-tried policy ;
Or whether reasons can be found
To recommend some other ground.
For hitherto, we know full well,
We 've had our way, and have it still ;
And, while we thus our foes can beat,
I think we 'd better stick by it.
Let me then briefly now review
The course our chivalry pursue ;
The difficulties in the way,
And the ingenious cards we play ;
By which we always gain our ends
Against our foes, base Freedom's friends.

“ We make a great, perpetual fuss
Lest they should tables turn on us ;
Not being quite prepared to-day
To explain or prove one half we say.

For instance : how it can be shown
That Abolitionists have done
So much to make our negroes run
Away, and leave us ; or combine
In a nefarious design
To kill us, wives and children too ;
While Yankees have so much to do,
In building ships, carts, and so forth,
To take our cotton East and North ;
In lending money on each crop
Before our corn or cotton 's up ;
Advancing cash on ev'ry bale,
And paying losses when we fail ;
Panic outliving consternation,
And standing our repudiation ?
We 've said, but never proved it true,
They all this time steal niggers too.

“ And then, 'tis not so very plain,
That we can show to other men
How 'tis we trace the title back
By which we hold as slaves this black,
And that mulatto or quadroon ;
Whether the record 's in the moon,
Or if, when dawns the judgment day,
We yet may find it true, that they
Can show another title, surer,
To which we 'll find no bar, demurer ;
And so rip up our whole transaction,
And bring in claim for satisfaction.
'Twill be indeed a long account,
If we are called to settle up !

“ I think I see my debit column—
A good long page, all black and solemn—
And niggers coming claims to bring ;
So many blows for such a thing,

So many years of labor done,
And where are all the products gone?
Their parents, wife, or child departed,
Living or dying, broked-hearted:
With these for items, what th' amount,
When the trump shall call t' account?
Of what avail, then, boasts or mettle,
When the cry is, 'Come and settle?'
And, if it is to be allowed,
Will threats avail, or language proud?
Or who would then restore the cash
Spent at the North in summer dash?
Or even tell where that is gone,
Received for mortgages now on?
O! if the Court of Equity
Should yet hold session in the sky,
And, after all, reverse, undo
What Southern courts have fixed below!

"Then let our lawyers well review
The ground-work of our jurisprudence—old decisions, arguments,
The laws of landlords, leases, rents,
And find the solid ground we have
To hold a fellow-man a slave.
For some are impudent enough
To say our claim is all mere stuff;
For, if the law of strength's the rule,
All Christendom has played the fool,
In blaming so the Algerines,
For keeping prisoners in chains,
And saying it was quite unhandsome
To whip them till they found a ransom;
For they, as much as we, were right
By the same holy law of might;
And if a sprig of chivalry
From us to Hayti chance to stray,

And turn up on a coffee estate,
With 'scored back' and 'hopped feet,'
We all should feel obliged to own
That 'twas legitimately done.

"But this, of course, we must reject,
And ask—Where lies our title yet?

"Well, then, suppose we say we got it
By purchase fair—that is, we bought it.
But, if we such a claim allow,
One who has stolen negroes too
Must own them; which would not be quite
The thing for us, and hence not right.

"Well, then, once more—Where shall we find
A title that our slaves shall bind
To us, chivalric, Christian masters,
Clear and secured against disasters;
Of lawful source and line unbroken;
Where is the proof, and what the token?

"Why, look to Africa: No doubt
Their ancestors were fairly bought.
The English, though we've blamed them much,
Being merchants, would have got but such;
And men of honor, such as we,
(For they were then Pro-Slavery,)
We fairly may presume that they
Had title good, since thrown away."

Said one: "But questions may arise
To blind somewhat a doubter's eyes;
And these should all be cleared away,
To show our claim as bright as day."

"But who has time," said Tuckahoe,
"The work to do, I do not know,
For here we are, upon the border
Of Kansas, putting things in order,
Setting great rules for future ages;
And the other half of Slav'ry's sages

Are now preparing a grand chorus
To sing our praise when we 're victorious.
Now, while such work remains to do,
And we must wait for some one who
Has time and genius for the job,
That 's fit to split a common nob,
A great expedient remains :
The Bible Slavery sustains ;
And, though some say it but allows it,
See how, in one view, it approves it.

“ True, Jewish Slavery differed some
From that pure kind we have at home ;
And this we never should forget
In every reference to it.
They 'd not th' advantage of home-trade,
And ne'er for exportation bred ;
For Massa Abraham had no
Orleans to sell his niggers to ;
And then the slave-pen was unknown—
That ornament of Southern town—
Which gentle Slav'ry's noble rule
Builds in the place of shop and school,
And, with its new and Christian style
Of architecture, marks the soil ;
By our invention first designed,
Leaving the Patriarchs far behind ;
Though they the principle admit
By putting Joseph in a pit.
The Bible nowhere gives so ample
Support for us as this example ; {
Yet, by more doubtful inference,
We elsewhere also draw defense
Of our home-trade, from the Word of God,
From statutes of the Hebrew code.
The law forbidding men to wrest
An old bird from the young and nest,

Would not perhaps mean—sell a mother
To one man, and her child to another ;
Yet there the law, as can be shown,
Applies to a single sale alone ;
And but displays its nature mild
By saying : ‘ In that case sell the child,
Or mother, if you choose—not both—
To the same buyer ; but one south,
The other nearer home, or west,
Just as you find the bargain best.’ ”

Here Whittler humbly begged to state
He was n’t sure he saw through that :
He thought perhaps the speaker meant
He should n’t—“ If so, I’m content.
I know about ‘ hoop-reasoning,’
Where all you’ve got is in a ring,
Opinions, facts, and sham ones too,
All in a kind of circular row ;
Then you talk fast and all together
Mix, till you can’t tell which from whether ;
And the only time that’s marked to stop
Is when all patience is used up.
I think ’twas this that Tuckahoe
Just now began to try to do ;
And as I see he nods me ‘ yes,”
I now find on what tack he is.
I know it’s often done down South,
When short of reasons, facts, and truth.”
Said Tuckahoe : “ One point will stick,
When we would swallow, in our neck.
The Jews had slaves of their own kind :
’Gainst such a doctrine we go blind,
And won’t admit it, though the fact is
We come too near it oft in practice ;
And have a settled custom now,
Which, when the time comes, we’ll avow,

And justify 't by Scripture too,
And claim that Yankees also do.
At present, 'tis enough to say,
Masters and slaves will meet half-way,
If they much longer thus go on,
Mixing two colors into one."

Said Whittler: "Some the question ask,
Which certain weaker knights might task
(Such as the Yankees like to shave),
Did Isaac ever get a slave,
By inheritance, from Abraham?
And what of all his gang became?"

"Now, certainly, it's hard to say:
But why not claim they ran away;
And Hittites, Hivites, Perizzites,
The Jebusites and Amalekites,
(Then Abolitionists,) beset them,
And, when they sloped, at half-way met them;
Offered them harbor, being perverse
As Yankees—how could they be worse?"

Here Tuckahoe broke sudden in,
Excited by the fancied scene:

"Oh! if there 'd been Doughfaces then,
To pass a fug'tive law, again
They'd cotched them sure; and chivalry
Had triumphed at the victory.
But no! E'en that could n't make men stay
Content this side of Canada!
And, when they'd cleared from their Kentucky,
Their drowning was the only lucky
Thing that could happen to the masters,
Who 'd suffered ruinous disasters;
For they, like us, were all undone,
Soon as their niggers cut and run!"

Said Whittler: "If I could console
The sorrows of that noble soul!

Do but reflect—that day's long past,
And the Red Sea don't run so fast
As th' Ohio, and was not so rocky—
It's harder to get from our Kentucky."

"True!" said the weeping patriot; "yet
The Yankees may Kentucky get;
And so they will, if Cassius Clay,
And such men, can but have their way."

Said Whittler: "Pray, great sir, proceed;
Your wisdom all the Council need."

He paused, till Pocahontas' blood
Got th' upper hand; then calm he stood:

"Some of the Abolitionists
Make out the planters worse than beasts:
For cattle seldom fight a duel;
And to their children not so cruel
To sell at auction son or daughter,
For physical or moral slaughter.
But there are steps in Christian progress
The Jews were hardly fit to guess;
Leaving to our refining age
New scenes to bring upon the stage."

Said Tuckahoe: "Let's stick to theory,
While practice travels its own way.
We call the negro race inferiors,
And keep them subject, as superiors,
Although we never yet explain
Why 'tis one black drop in a vein
Pollutes ten times th' amount of white,
Condemning all who have a mite
To Slav'ry's state, as laws pronounce
A ton's adulterate by an ounce.
And this seems stranger, and more hard
To reconcile, since Indian blood
We universally acknowledge
Better than virtue, land, or college;

Of it John Randolph made his boast,
In it he placed his highest trust.
And now that rule which some deride
To our arithmetic 's applied ;
The real Southern Rule of Three,
No people work with yet but we :
Putting the Indian blood ahead :
' As black's to white, so 's white to red.'

“ But difficulties such as this,
We for the present may dismiss,
And turn to those great points, with pride,
Where Scripture seems all on our side.

“ For why should we desire to show
A nobler type than Pharaoh ?
Or where in Hist'ry e'er was found
A closer fit, the world around,
Than in the Hebrew slave and ours,
The Egyptian and our Slav'ry pow'rs ?
They 're like ourselves in all partic'lars,
Save one, which made them most ridic'lous.
No Fug'tive Law had been invented,
Or they might still have lived contented,
Tobacco, rice, and cotton growing,
The Jews, their niggers, still a-hoeing,
And all the blessings of the South
Adorn the Nile from head to mouth,
With the blest system in perfection,
Stringfellow's pamphlet gives a sketch on,
While Blank to the religious part
Has given a touch beyond his art.

“ But millstones Pharaoh could not see through,
Or he, with the Midianites and Jethro,
Would sure have got a fug'tive-slave law,
Without a loophole or a flaw,
When his Slave Moses ran away
O'er the Free-State line of that day ;

Or during the long forty years
When he was skulking, as appears.
Had Pharaoh but been Massa Potter,
To claim his Jim, and make hot water
In the Arabian Boston, and
Make Marshal Jethro lend a hand,
The Egyptian Union or Confed'racy
Would not have perished in the Red Sea,
But the African republic still
Been on the summit of the hill ;
And that great warning now commands us
Better to manage things in Kansas.

" And we 've begun : for in Platte County
To border-ruffians we pay bounty ;
As Pharaoh might, if he 'd been willing,
T' encourage Slav'ry and distilling."

Said Whittler : " I anticipate
The point that you are driving at.
The Bible is a poor defense,
If you would draw your title thence :
For, if 'twas right, it is so yet,
To enslave all men who are in debt,
(For most of the Hebrew slaves were made
By owing cash, from trust in trade,)
The law 's for whites, them blacks no better :
For which of you is not a debtor ?
And such a doctrine once admitted,
As Southerners are deep indebted
To Northerners, each stands confessed
Slave of some Abolitionist !"

" O how," cried Tuckahoe, " to fly
From such a dread monstrosity !
Haste, Southern jurists ! Save us all
From such impending fatal fall.
All chivalry, and boasting too,
Are threat'ned with a deadly blow.

“ And is there, then, no source to which
Our title to our slaves may reach ?
Yes : Law 's a solemn, binding thing :
Let us from that our title bring.

“ The laws of property belong
To sovereign States, and, right or wrong,
The Constitution ratifies—

Admits them binding, if unwise.
Well, sure our laws confirm our right
To slaves, and lend us all their might,
To keep them under while they stay,
And catch them when they run away.
Then why not draw our title thence,
And rest on such a sure defense ?
Suppose we say this is enough,
And seek no other kind of proof ;
Claiming that we, a sovereign people,
Have willed it so ; and, plain as steeple
On Northern church, that 's all sufficient :
How can such title be deficient ?

“ But what the law (it 's also plain)
Has made, it may unmake again ;
And if, by revolution strange,
Our laws should undergo a change ?
What if the Cohees, in the hills,
Should sudden rise and trip our heels ;
Clay-eaters quit their chosen food
To clamor for the public good ;
Crackers from all our laws dissent,
And undertake self-government ;
Assume our parts, get up a fuss,
Stump and make laws instead of us ;
White niggers catch the wild infection,
Insist on voting at election,
Grow statesmen like us, and desire a
Rival out West of our *Enquirer* ;

Pay editors to print their views,
Stump-orators and barbecues ;
Wreckers with rosin-makers join,
And stick to those of turpentine ?
Suppose the aristocracy
Should cry against democracy,
And thus that potent name relinquish,
And the last ray of hope extinguish ;
And worldly wisdom make great men
Yield up a little now and then,
'Customed or this or that to utter,
As truth demands, or bread and butter ;
Suppose some step quite unexpected,
And us from place and power ejected,
And men to fill our legislatures,
Not of our pure chivalric natures,
Excited by our opposition,
And flattered by their new position ;
Debased by labor, working hand-
To-hand with negroes on the land ;
Perhaps infected with that teaching
Which Yankees call true Bible-preaching ;
Not that which Dr. Blank inculcates—
(The Gospel for the Southern States ;)
And, with the pride of making laws,
Regarding precedents as straws,
Our learning and high spirit lack,
Switch off and take the backward track ;—
Then law itself would be our ruin,
Making us bake as we are brewin' ;
Our legal doctrine then would be
Applied to set our negroes free,
Leaving us helpless, without votes,
Our principle crammed down our throats,
Without a word to say about it ;
—We 'd better get along without it !

“ O what a triumph that would be,
Gained o’er the Knights of Slavery !
They ’d call us out, with taunting words,
To show example fit for lords ;
Saying : ‘ Ye worshipers of law,
Here ’s the best chance ye ever saw
To prove your doctrine all sincere :
Submit, and that will make it clear ;
Stand out before the Southern nation,
Respect your solemn obligation ;
Come, bow before your holy shrine,
Confess the People’s will divine ;
That none may charge the South with treason,
Or ever say, with real reason,
That any noble Southern brother
E’er said one thing and meant another.
Come, now ; and in law’s sacred name,
Do what of Northerners you claim ;
Like citizens of this glorious land,
Whose duties you well understand,
Show, by example, that deep awe
Which you inculcate for the law ;
Eyes shut, mouth open, say you will,
And swallow this great bolus pill.
Think what the important, lasting use !
What your example may produce !
It is the only thing that ’s wanted,
After the great things that you have vaunted,
To prove your claims were quite sincere,
And clear from doubt your character.’

“ No ! let our problem then be solved !
When our great men have once resolved,
What shouts of triumph will arise,
What bold defiance, to the skies !
Challenging heav’n and earth to say
A word against our property.

“But, while that good time is a-coming,
Our only policy is fuming :
Standing upon some vested right,
Offering no argument but fight.
And this most wisely Wise has done,
In words and manner all his own ;
Rather exceeding and excelling
The spirit pure of duelling.
And no doubt all the North is quaking,
Downcast, terrified, and shaking,
Just as their Congressmen have often
Felt their base hearts like butter soften,
When he, and other Southern heroes,
Have almost taken them by the nose,
With threats to extirpate their races,
And leave none living but Doughfaces.

“And very useful we have found it
To shift our ground, when foes around it,
Draw up their forces, press objections ;
We leave them to their own reflections.
Thus, while in desp'rate strife, by force
Of opposition, man and horse,
Driv'n from the field of fierce debates,
When we upheld 'the rights of States,'
We late assumed th' opposing claim,
And rally now in 'Union's name.
Led by the noble Carolina,
That wondrous logical definer,
We once defied all pow'r on earth,
Established our transcendant worth ;
Drove Clay to make his great confession,
Which brought the North to low submission,
So that his brightest fame will ever
Rest on his showing the white feather,
And all the country must admit,
They live because they kissed our feet ;

Being frightened by our anger swelling,
And sav'd from worse than Webster's spelling:
For else they 'd been condemned by Fates
To spell our name: 'The Untied States.'

"O what a glorious day for us,
Conquering alone by threat and fuss!
The country seemed one great plantation,
And slaves composed the whole o' the nation.
We strutted, fumed, flew in a passion;
And all submitted—negro fashion.

"But it may be, that noise and threat,
And bullying too, may fail us yet;
So it has sometimes happened, and
We 've an expedient yet at hand.
We sometimes raise the alarming cry
Against the English, when we try
To prove all kinds of abolition
Of foreign growth, to raise sedition,
We hatch up ev'ry accusation
We can invent, against that nation;
Bring out fresh hints of British gold—
(Who could a better tale unfold?)
And say, with Blank, their purest men
Were hypocrite impostors, when
They set West-India negroes free
To shame us out of Slav'ry.
We have at hand, to help our story,
Quite a select phantasmagory,
Such as no man has ever read of,
And none till lately ever heard of;
A specter conjured now and then,
With bloody head and horrid grin;
The Furies' youngest, ugliest scamp,
We keep him in the dismal swamp,
Till when we have talked out all our breath,
He comes, and frights our foes to death;

Making a terrible display
When we have nothing left to say.
That emblem of all dread confusion,
We've nicknamed 'Union Dissolution.'
This most original invention
Is good to hush up all dissension ;
Crying against the horrid North
As we were the only doves on earth,
And never said or did a thing
On other folks a slur to fling.
Then she forgets, in charity,
The insults and abuses free
For years we've heaped unsparing on her,
Breaking our plighted faith and honor.
We, over still, and o'er again,
Smoothing her bristling hair again,
Beguile her with our fair professions,
Draw, ev'ry Congress, new concessions,
And, spite of all her vaunted sense,
Silence her with pure impudence ;
Or, mixed a little, now and then,
With doleful tones, when we complain.
For often it has been our fate,
In claiming for our Southern State
More credit than was ever thought of,
By those the Africans first brought off,
To find ourselves left high and dry,
Without a wherefore or a why,
Deprived of ev'ry argument,
Like our own bloodhounds off the scent,
Brought to a stand, all put to rout,
And quite at fault, tongues hanging out ;
There being then but one poor way,
We find some piteous thing to say ;
Forgetting all our vaunting strains,
Our banjo bitterly complains

Of jealousies unbrotherly,
Suspicious which our feelings try ;
And all the Southern statesmen's choir
Pitch down their strings to suit our lyre ;
And doleful notes, in concord, soon
Help out the pity-moving tune.
Then Chivalry forgets to boast,
Like overseer among his host,
No more of threat, or brag, or bully,
But, dropping eyelids, slow and coolly,
Describes the very bad time coming,
Unless the Abolitionists stop drumming
Their frightful music in our ears,
And harsh Division's awful fears.

“This last resort but seldom fails us ;
The Yankees think some great thing ails us ,
And commonly their wrath gives in ;
They listen to our complaints again ;
In mercy stop their treatment rough,
And cry : ‘ Old South has got enough !’

“And oft, with dext'rous versatility,
We throw off the responsibility
Of all the terrible dissension
Which has been all our own invention.
They only talk, and print, and write ;
And sure who has a better right ?
But we flared up, like Dupont's powder—
No guns at Bladensburg roared louder—
And bawled in such heroic way,
Something, they thought, must be to pay ;
And, though some few of them saw through us,
The rest came out, and said they 'd do us
The favor to nickname it treason
To say a word : for we have reason,
As proved by all the noise tremendous
That 's necessary to defend us.

"And thus we've long been going on,
By the ten-horse power of talk alone;
And, merely for vociferation,
Are called the saviors of the nation.

"O hard our fate, and sad the day,
When Yankees first begin to say:
'Look here, slaveholders, let us see
You trace your claim to Slavery.'
No, that is what I strongly hope
They are too stupid to bring up:
But, lest the question they should ask,
Oh, let it be our constant task
To give them other work to do,
And keep them in a constant stew;
And, by all means, keep niggers down;
Black, yellow, white, all shades of brown;
No matter what relationship:
Keep them submissive with the whip;
Work, flog, hunt runaways, with hound,
All the Free States through, till they're found;
Discuss with not a man on earth
Who's not of Southern faith or birth;
Deny all right to speak a word
Against the system of the Lord;
Asserting now our right from Cain,
Or Ham or Ishmael;—then again,
From our superior blood or race,
But never stop the line to trace,
Lest sleeping ghosts we should provoke
Of ladies shipped at London dock.

"Thus, pretext, fact, and revelation,
Permuted oft by commutation,
And wound till you wind in the end,
The ball at Yankees faces send;
Right in their eyes it should be flung,
With: 'There; take that, and hold your tongue!'"

A gen'ral round of loud applause
Burst forth at this chivalric clause ;
E'en Tuckahoe had ne'er before
Sat down 'mid such tremendous roar.

The streams, as in old classic time,
Ran backward at those words sublime :
If not, they sure were reprehensible
For being to eloquence insensible.

And Tuckahoe, while all attend,
Now rose, "To introduce a friend."

The papers long since did announce
The world was soon to have, for once,
A poem worthy of the times :
Of holy fire, melodious rhymes,
In vindication of the free
And heav'nly doctrine—Slavery.
The expectant universe, of course,
Turned then, instinctive, to the source
From which alone, as well they know,
High inspiration e'er did flow,
Needing no prophet or diviner
To point at Southern Carolina.
But, 'mong her constellations bright,
There dazzling feeble mortal sight,
No star has yet conspicuous stood,
To satisfy solicitude :
But 'tis my gratifying task
To answer what the world would ask :
That brilliant star, though you don't know it,
Is with us here, behold the Poet !
You start surprised ; it is no wonder—
The man with the brass buttons yonder !"
Palmetto, all humility,
Blushed, bowed, and smiled alternately ;
And, whether he would or would not,
A deaf'ning round of clapping got.

So deep is gratitude implanted
In those who've just had what they wanted ;
And so abundant their rewards
Who take their pay in noise or words.

Palmetto, blushing, bashful child
Of the great State, stood with a mild,
Sweet, summer-morning look,
And from his pocket drew a book,
Saying : " With gratitude impressed,
I'll do, my friend, as you request.
This here, by accident, I've found,"
(No doubt—it only weighed five pound ;)
" 'Tis an Essay, most humbly made,
To vindicate our Foreign Trade ;
For the home-traffic, being regarded
As legalized, pray, why discard it
In Africa, since Carolina
Surely has higher rights, diviner ?
I, Tuckahoe, appeal to you,
And most sincerely, as a friend,
To you the matter recommend :
For the Virginians now engross
The breeding business, to our loss
Of foreign negro-importations,
Forbidden by the law of nations ;
There needs to be a compromise :
But *verbum sap.*—a word to the wise ;
For Hist'ry has a warning solemn,
Not to some States alone, but all of 'em :
As we the Tariff yoke denied,
Protested first, then nullified,
Not now the country, but the world,
May dread to see our flag unfurled,
For greater rights are now refused,
With greater wrongs we are abused,

And arms and courage we can find
To fight and conquer all mankind.
Such is the very weakest sense
Deduced, by any inference,
From Hamilton's or Calhoun's writings,
Whose words were full of wars and fightings,
And broad defiance is the sum
Of the eloquence of Quattlebum.

"But let me now request of each
Who kindly hears my humble speech,
Closely my style and sense t' inspect,
Question, inquire, discuss, object,
Whate'er may seem objectionable,
Whatever ground 's untenable,
Any false rhyme, expression tame,
Weak argument, or foot that 's lame,
And freely speak ; for, in good part,
I'll take it kind, with all my heart."

This sweet preliminary made,
Whittler rose up with smiles, and said :
"Perhaps, if you allow, I may,
A fellow-patriot, something say.
If, as I think, your poetry
Will sometimes rise sublime and high,
Obedient to the lofty theme,
The poet's spirit stirs in him :
For, when such strains as I expect
The beauties of the South reflect,
I, who have traveled many an hour
The charming scenes the South spread o'er,
'Neath shades the pitch-pine trees embower,
And there, from pleasure-glowing heart,
Sung in my old tin-peddler's cart,
My soul has poured such lofty strain
As now I am to hear again—

Excuse me, sir, if I the laws
Of courtesy break with warm applause ;
Or even if enthusiasm
Should lead me, in poetic spasm,
Sometimes to add a new idea,
Shout a huzza, or shed a tear :
Assured that all I say or do
Will be inspired by feeling true ;
And, though inapposite, the intent
Will aye be good, and all well meant."

Palmetto smiled again ; and then
Straightened himself, and thus began :

" O ! could I sing, in worthy phrases,
Our land, with all its beauteous phases,
I must adopt the highest reach
Attained as yet by human speech,
With loftiest topics, brightest themes,
Transcending all poetic dreams.

" A tall pine-tree would be a grand point
For me to climb, and make my standpoint,
O'erlooking the broad belt of sand
Shunned by each Yankee judge of land ;
Choice corner of our Southern Eden,
Which Slav'ry first did sow her seed in ;
Whence now her holy shades extend,
And far and wide her blessings send,
While we, with patriotic fury,
Now bear them westward of Missouri,
As heav'nly Destiny commands us
To push and poke them into Kansas ;
We come as that high race of kings
Now claiming rule o'er earthly things ;
The great and glorious Seventy Thousand
Massas, who claim to drive from house and
Home, whoe'er would wish to see
In Kansas aught but Slavery ;

Those men of faith, whose creed comprises
Making pie-crust of compromises,
Who have imported, for the home-
Market, the holy rules of Rome,
Commended by the use of ages,
Established by the papal sages—
So fit to use behind the scenes—
That 'the end justifies the means ;'
While Doctors have their sanction giv'n
That the great Book which guides to heav'n
Condemns the Northern Yankee nation,
As infidels to condemnation.
O happily we 've heroes South,
Who talk with most tremendous mouth ;
Who swell, and almost burst with bravery,
The genuine lords of Slavery.

“ Our noble system 's yet unsung
In any meter, any tongue ;
It is a school of idleness,
A seminary, nothing less.
From noon till eve, from youth to age,
We have no useful work t' engage
The hands, or t' engross the mind :
Work of all sorts is unrefined,
Weakens, indeed destroys the spirit,
And nullifies all native merit ;
Ruins the man, degrades at least
Near to the level of a beast ;
While domineering, boast, and strife
Are the sole, proper ends of life.

“ And Northern blood—'tis only gruel ;
Shrinking from pistol-balls and duel ;
And so short-sighted as to think
There 's murder in the name—' red ink ;'
And that when Southrons flare and fluster,
There 's something in it more than bluster ;

While we, by instinct taught, and practice,
Know just the opposite the fact is.

“But first I crave your kind consent
To address my fav’rite instrument :

“Companion of my lonely hours !
When sleep deserts my untired powers
—Untired by either kind of game,
Flogging my slaves or hunting them—
Unwearied, but perforce awake,
Tired out with nothing, thee I take.
Thy voice, my Banjo, please to raise
In our blest Institution’s praise :
Thou art the only instrument
That’s well adapted to the intent ;
Slav’ry’s delights just fit to sing,
Having for each a sep’rate string ;
Boasting, flogging, *far niente*,
The long one for that most in plenty.
The first, perhaps, Virginia
May claim, as it abounds with her ;
But, ’twixt them all, I must decline a
Claim to select for Carolina.

Lend, lend thy tones, sweet instrument,
As thou hast kindly sometimes lent
Them to my black boy Joe and me, }
When we have sung alternately }
In praise of heav’n-born Slavery.

“Oft, ’neath the shade of native pine,
Stuck up with tar and turpentine,
Where native solitudes surround,
Where man a living never found,
Pensive, at nightfall, lonely left,
Of all but poetry bereft,
I’ve warbled strains to list’ning air,
Worthy of all Creation’s ear ;

Mine eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
As on the river's bank a-fowling,
Or when at runaway a-shooting,
Or with a training-band saluting,
When the Great Nullifying Day
Did bright Rebellion's flag display.

"What fancied scenes delight mine eyes,
What glorious visions fancy spies!
The effects of years spent working out
The great solution brought about:
Our Q. E. D., as, in my day
Of folly, I was taught to say,
When I went North to learn to spell,
And spent four idle years at Yale.
Ashamed I now confess my sin,
And say I'll not do so again;
Though I must add, for 'tis but right,
I got little harm or learning by 't.

"When the fair sun had left the station
From which he'd shone on each plantation,
'Tween classic Edgefield and the sea,
Pedee, Santee, and Wateree;
Raising the fogs from rice-fields damp,
Miasmata from ev'ry swamp,
Whose gentle influence keeps away
The few white men who else might stay;
There, as the thick'ning vapors spread,
I sought through the pine-barren's shade
Some eminence, to take survey
Of the fair scene at closing day,
For poesy my spirit moved
To celebrate the land I loved.

"South Carolina! all thy worth
I'd sing, to charm the list'ning earth;
O, for a mount, a hill or knoll
From which to pour my poet soul;

Or, better yet, to send my man Joe
To do it for me, with his banjo !
For, by strict rule, it 's never right
For any man to work that 's white ;
And making verses with one 's nob,
That is a job that is a job.
However, once again I 'll try,
Though 'gainst the rules of chivalry ;
And seek, once more, more widely still
Something a little like a hill.

“ But vain the wish ! No height was seen ;
One boundless sea of ever-green
And yellow pine, above, around,
Shaded the untilled, sandy ground ;
Where solemn silence settled wide,
Far from the rolling of the tide ;
No footstep there was seen but mine,
And niggers', making turpentine,
Tar, pitch, and rosin, from the trees,
Now silent, without bird or breeze.
Then, to enjoy some little sight
Of the dear landscape, ere 'twas night,
I climbed the tallest pine I saw,
While one poor crow alone did caw ;
These were the thoughts my bosom fired,
By that most beauteous scene inspired :

“ O Carolina ! mother dear !
What though no signs of life appear,
Nor plow has ever broke the sand
Spread out for miles on either hand,
With noble pride thy poet blushes,
To point at thy four chief resources,
Tar, cotton, rice, and negro-slaves.
What other shore which ocean laves,
What State, can e'er compare with thee
For piney woods and chivalry ?

Though proud Virginia fret and fume
At the high titles you assume,
And boasts she has most progress made
In the home-breeding nigger-trade;
Though Georgia claims that she is able
To beat you hollow in long-staple;
And Louisiana grows so vain
Of her exploits with ribbon-cane,
Molasses, sugar, coarse and finer;—
Against the world stands Carolina!

“And fain I’d sing the noble race,
Whom Slav’ry’s highest glories grace;
By passion never led astray
From honor’s bright and glorious way;
Above the base equality
Where Yankees live, and think they’re free;
Proud, consequential, great; by birth
With right divine to rule on earth;
Whose lawful, spreading territory
Will not be bound by the Missouri,
Though law did once its bounds define
By Mason and by Dixon’s line;
That race, whose like is only found
On Slav’ry’s blest and classic ground;
Of various feature, hue, and name,
But all in origin the same;
From mighty Nabobs proud, who reign
O’er cotton-fields and pincy plain,
Rice-swamp, sea-island, river’s shore,
Whose wealth, in logs, comes floating o’er
With annual floods, when niggers strip,
And drag them within reach of whip—
All these, a varied progeny
Of Slav’ry’s sires, are sung by me;
And others still of varying name
In the small end of the trump of Fame,

Whom, when they get shoved further down,
I shall be happy to help on ;
But now my banjo 's got to sing
Those worthy of the longest string :
Who learn the black race to decry,
By suckling them in infancy,
And from the very milk they draw,
How best to hold them down by law ;
To keep them weak, themselves more strong,
By lashing back and gagging tongue.

“ Listen, all mankind ! while I poll
Their names on Honor's muster-roll ;
And, in few words, if it may be,
Record them for posterity :
For well I know that our proceedings
Are destined for the future readings
Of all the wise, and good, and great
Of ev'ry future age and State ;
Then listen to the titles high
Borne by the knights of chivalry.

“ The following are among some others,
Akin, though not acknowledged brothers :
First, the clay-eaters and clay-diggers,
And the noble classes of white niggers ;
Those learned men, who live in pine-
Y woods, on tar and turpentine ;
North Carolina coast-boys, wreckers,
Sandhillers, Cohees, Georgia Crackers ;
Too poor to live by niggers' work,
As proud and idle as a Turk,
Without land, knowledge, trade, or slave,
Depressed from cradle to the grave ;
They 're ready any game to play,
And to take whisky in full pay.
When periodic fear infects us
Of demagogues, ‘ Hurrah for Texas !’

We used to cry, and send them off,
To clear out such most dang'rous stuff;
And so, a shorter time ago,
We started them for Mexico ;
Thus killing two birds with one stone,
Gained much new land, and kept our own.

“ And when a shaking leaf, o'erhead,
Now fills again our minds with dread,
We sometimes flee when none pursue,
As the Bible says good people do,
(For this is the correct translation,
By Southern, right interpretation,
First to the Golden Rule applied,
But now to Scripture far and wide.)
We need not fear for our society,
Which Calhoun praised, with such propriety,
Above all other states of being—
In fact the only one worth seeing.

“ When our important problem 's solved,
We are unchangeably resolved,
From the base Yankees to cut loose,
And play alone at Fox and Goose ;
Having but one point to determine—
How we can live without thar vermin.
We make tobacco, rice, and bacon :
Why not make carts and ships to take 'em
To market, over land and water,
Where purchasers may want them brought to ?
And can't we manufacture cotton
And hemp ? We dress it when it 's rotten.
And can't we somehow find the coons
Who 'll make our shirts and pantaloons ?
We can build ships, and dress like sailors,
And cross our legs, and turn to tailors :
We must—to keep from cold and starving ;
But niggers would all die a-laughing

To see us Massas condescend to
Do what now it is a disgrace to bend to.
In all we see no fun or beauty—
It's hard to find the way of duty.
These questions now our men of sense
Keep in a state of sad suspense :
Their careworn looks and speeches so
Impertinent, are chiefly ow-
Ing to the dreadful difficulty
Of knowing what to do or say.
Some think that cotton can not be
Carded, spun, wove by Chivalry :
That is, that niggers either could n't
Learn how to do it, or they would n't.
But now it's settled by a trial,
And fully proved beyond denial,
That mills may move in Southern stream,
That Southern water can make steam,
Though the elements are all unwilling,
Like us, to earn a single shilling ;
And while it's so, it does no good
To whip our niggers e'en to blood.
But we have made a resolution
To take a step of revolution,
And cut our noble ship afloat,
To sail without the Yankee boat,
As soon as we begin to clean
Our cotton without Whitney's jin.
I long have thought, and had the intention,
To make another new invention ;
I have not yet, but soon hope to,
And have a nigger, I think, up to
Inventing some good substitute.
I've whipped him well, to make him do't ;
He promises he'll try to and see,
If I will only let him be :

I have some hopes he'll find a way,
And he too—but to Canada,
Where niggers often wish to be
Who have been whipped as much as he.

“Oh! when our rights we shall regain,
And get the slave-trade back again,
All will our lofty claims admit,
And, humbly bending, kiss our feet.
O, then the day will fully dawn
Which Freedom sets her heart upon ;
Then the first true republic rise,
Balloon-like, to the applauding skies ;
And men at last admiring see
That Freedom's based on Slavery.
All eyes, to our dear country turned,
Will see at last life's lesson learned,
And put to practice too indeed,
For which no heroes fight or bleed :
All tactics banished used in war,
No talk of glory, wound, or scar ;
The only march in use, the skip
Of negroes 'neath their master's whip ;
The only joyful victory,
When comes his welcome hour to die ;
No widows' tears, or orphans' sighs
From bloody battle-field shall rise ;
But only those bought lawfully
From people of no family ;
For, where there is no marriage-tie,
Widows and orphans can not be.

“ Oh, then no more the tales we'll hear
Of havoc or the dogs of war :
But, o'er our fair and happy fields,
Where Slav'ry all her blessings yields,
In peace the bloodhound will smell out
The runaway's sly whereabouts ;

And, from the mother's sable breast,
Remove the babe, too closely pressed ;
Perchance somewhat adorned with blood :
For some hounds are a little rude,
Or kindly act the part of leeches,
As their and our own nature teaches.

“ How swells my heart, with joyful hope,
At what in future may turn up !
The restoration of the Trade
With Africa ! I turn my head
And eyes to our enchanting strand,
Where Christian slave-ships used to land.
And yet this free and blessed shore
Again shall welcome many more,
When Church and State shall both agree
To make the trade no piracy.

“ What reminiscences awaken,
Sweeter than hominy and bacon !
The pictures bright which hist'ry draws
Of slaves, before restricting laws,
Denied the Africans the pleasure
Of joys we offer in free measure.
O, bright the hope to see restored
The slave-ship, with its load on board !
Our true republic on the water
We claim again ; and sure we ought to.
For, with the gentle moral suasion,
In ships with Slav'ry's banner sailing,
The purest model has been given
Of our republic under heav'n.

“ The captain there, like us on land,
Boldly may wield his fiery brand,
Like greatest of chivalric heroes,
Fearless burn captive niggers' ears, nose,
Cheek, back, or breast, as he may choose,
No Yankee there to cut him loose ;

No subterranean railroad laid
Across the track of Christian trade ;
But the divine-appointed master,
Secured against all dread disaster,
From tell-tale types or witness' mouth
We daily suffer much from, South.
Of course the Institution there
Was better shown than anywhere :
The slave-ship being a mimic nation
In discipline, amalgamation ;
The white man standing with his foot
Upon the prostrate negro brute ;
A school to dignify the master,
And raise his aspirations faster
For full and absolute dominion
O'er Yankees' acts, speech, and opinion,
Where he can threat and beat his fill
'Mong those too weak to oppose his will ;
Where every mind 's untaught, unlettered ;
Each hand is chained, each foot is fettered ;
Each neck with iron chain is bound ;
A gag in ev'ry mouth is found,
A lash applied for ev'ry word
Displeasing to the sov'reign lord :
Such is the model-school we need
Revived, to make our plans succeed ;
For ev'ry stinted, bloodless blow,
But half-applied, for fear of show,
Each timid exercise of power
Weakens our waning cause the more ;
Seeming to grant our side is wrong,
That we are weak, our foes are strong ;
And thus we lose, by sure degrees,
The power of acting as we please ;
Set bad examples to our sons,
Hurry each nigger off who runs ;

Desert the ground we ought to stand on,
And raise up shoals we'll have to strand on.

"Oh, when again in Charleston bay
Will slave-ships their bright flag display ;
And we escort the city o'er
Their captains, welcomed to our shore ;
Our hospitality bestow,
So great, as all, at least we, know :
The hospitablest men on earth,
The very name of which is worth
A vast deal, for it gains opinion,
Which favors greatly our dominion.

"Our homes will then be cheered again
With tales of slave-trade, whip and chain,
Oft placed on free-born negroes' hands,
By noble white man's kind commands ;
Of schemes to ambush, seize, bring over
The captive parent, maid, or lover ;
To doom old man or feeble mother
To sink in ocean ; while the brother,
Child, wife, or sister's guarded well,
In gen'rous hope that they may sell :
For many a noble-hearted crew,
Such work for worthy ends who do,
Will know we're waiting on the shore,
To buy their interesting store—
To sell again at profit handsome—
This being the only Christian ransom
We practice : noble, hospitable
Successors of whom ? Cain or Abel ?

"O, how the hearts of Southern planters
Will throb, when the first slave-ship enters
Our boasting port, and what ado
Be made at stump and barbecue !
The joyful news to Charleston brought,
By all the country will be caught :

'More niggers come!' And far and near
 The shouts of welcome greet the ear;
 Cohees will start with sudden cry;
 Clay-eaters bid their food good-bye;
 Their paleness kindle with some show
 Of blood, where only bile did flow;
 Descendants of the various races
 Which formed and dyed so many faces
 Through all the South, will show delight
 In all the ways that black and white
 Were ever mixed, with and without
 Some Indian blood, to help them out.
 'More niggers come!' Imagine how
 The cry will sound to old Benbow!
 That noble specimen of man,
 Leader of the land-kidnap van,
 So honored by Fame's trumpet breath
 For whipping eighteen slaves to death;
 And how the gentle Charleston dame,
 Who to her slave once did the same.
 One heart may joy e'en more than her's
 And Benbow's—namely, Lucifer's.
 O, Christians! all your pray'rs be made
 To get again our dear slave-trade!

"The noble Nabob's leisure time,
 Saved by the slaves, who work for him,
 As you'd expect, you may be sure
 Is given to objects high and pure.
 Forbid by Honor's laws to work,
 His constant study is to shirk,
 On scientific principles,
 Whate'er of humbling labor smells;
 And now it's pretty well made known,
 That most things we should let alone:
 But what we are allowed to do,
 And what not, 's sometimes hard to know;

For, while we 're waiting to work out
Such questions, we are oft in doubt.

“ Among us, geniuses abound,
And in variety are found.
Some of the loftier natures shine
In bright, poetic spheres sublime ;
But, differing in different parts
Our blessed land, in some the Arts
Are chiefly fostered ; not the Fine,
So much as Arts of pure Design :
In others, Poetry 's pursued
By classic rules ;—for, with the blood
Is mixed an alcoholic flood,
Not of the old Falernian wine,
But that which whisky-stills refine ;
Thus thousands now are on the way
To highest eminence ; and the day
Has now arrived for them to reach
Parnassus by poetic speech.
Some show a natural inclination
To spend their time in meditation ;
And, when the sun moves toward the west, a
Majority take their siesta.
But often these, and thousands more,
Spend hours around the tavern-door,
In sage discussions on the times :
Of treason hatched in Northern climes ;
How best to keep the Yankees out ;
When saucy, if to hang or shoot ;
If the next President will be
Sure to twist things for Slavery ;
And other matters most designed
For greatest good of all mankind.
“ One of the system's best effects
Is on some hearts of the fair sex ;

Who learn the great accomplishment
 Of living perfectly content,
 With sisters of a different hue,
 Daily and hourly in their view,
 Made by the hand of their Creator,
 Whom they deny a woman's nature ;
 And, though they show, in different ways,
 Traits for which women claim our praise ;
 Virtue, and truth, and gentleness,
 With sympathy for all distress,
 Will scarcely raise a hand to save,
 From deepest misery, a slave.

“ How female hearts acquire refinement
 Where they're repressed by no confinement !
 So different North, where girls, like boys,
 From childhood, 'mid their books and toys,
 Are checked and curbed like little Jews,
 And made to mind their *p's* and *q's* ;
 Not us'd to free interpretation,
 Such as our liberal-minded nation
 Give to what Watts' Hymn-book says,
 By lawful Southern paraphrase,
 Just as each Scripture gordian knot
 We choose to slip when hard to cut :
 Thus to our children we secure
 A Southern training, right and sure.
 For this, a single specimen
 Will well explain what here I mean :

“ Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For thus your parents do ;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis our nature too.

“ Thus, darlings, you should ever let
 Your angry passions rise ;
 For Southern children's nails were made
 To scratch young niggers' eyes.

“ ‘ We practiced this, when we, like you,
Were mass’ and missus small ;
And this we hope to see you do
When you grow good and tall.’

“ But see! The day of glory dawns
On Kansas’ fields, Missouri’s lawns,
Where Freedom’s empire has begun
Under the hero, Atchison.
The world will now begin to see
The blest effects of Slavery,
For now at last begins to work
The system of the Western Turk,
The genuine Southerners, whose mind
Can only worthy models find
In proud, chivalric Mussulmen,
The most industrious of men.”

“ That is true eloquence,” said one,
“ And poetry sublime : Well done,
Palmetto ! well you represent
The family of your descent.
More just conclusions, language finer,
I’ve heard not e’en in Carolina ;
But yet I’m met with some objectors,
Such as invited Wise’s lectures,
Who would impugn the argument,
And many a specious plea invent,
To turn the edge and blunt the point,
Or put the matter out of joint.
Would any now a way explain,
Their sophistry to render vain,
And bring the proof distinctly forth,
With which to stop each Yankee mouth,
He’d do a double benefit—
A service not performed as yet ;

And our respected friend, I know,
Can do his part, Friend Tuckahoe,
Whose presence highly illustrates
This Congress of the Southern States."

Palmetto, modest, graceful bent,
Acknowledging the compliment,
But silent waited the opinion
Of the statesman from the Old Dominion:
For 'tis the custom, where he'd come
From, and lives when he's at home,
Punctilious deference to pay,
In every point where courtesy
Requires that men in word or deed
Be civil, and they're so indeed.

But not a word, or smile, or bow
Did he receive from Tuckahoe;
And seriously began to think
Not accident alone was in 't:
A moment cast an anxious look,
Then turned his eyes upon his book.

The council listened silently,
Each with a fixed, admiring eye;
And, when the poet ceased, there rose
A gentle murmur of applause.
So when, on Carolina's shore,
In happier days, the slave-ship, o'er
The dancing waves, her joyful freight
Brought to that free and blessed State,
The industrious, thriving population
Of Charleston took their fav'rite station,
The welcome strangers to receive,
And show them how true Christians live;
From hearts with genuine love inspired,
From mouths with Southern freedom fired,
A soft but gen'rous shout would rise
Of welcome to the coming prize;

Which, swelling slowly, as the ship
Moved on, with anchors set atrip ;
The noble crew at stations all,
At brace, sheet, halliard, and downhaul,
While negro men lay chained below,
In many a happy tier and row,
And the slave-women, on the deck,
Their thanks in many a language speak,
For the bright prospect of a land
Where Christian friends all ready stand,
To buy them cheaply as may be,
And bless them with sweet Slavery.

Now Whittler once more interposed,
And said he "really supposed
There ne'er before had been a speech
Of such a superhuman reach ;
So bright display and cheering, made
Of the refining negro-trade ;
And such the value of that paper,
So full of facts, so free from vapor,
Sample so fair of Southern logic,
No Northern trickery could dodge it ;"
He wished it might forthwith be printed ;
And then obligingly he hinted
He knew a printer, far away,
Who 'd do it cheap for ready pay.

When Whittler ceased, a moment all
Was breathless silence through the hall.
But Tuckahoe was quite intent
On giving some emotion vent ;
And, lest Long-Staple should find more
To say for Georgia, took the floor :

"South Carolina's poet well
Has told how Slav'ry's States excel
In certain virtues, and outshine
All north of Mason-Dixon's line.

But, in defending well his own
State, he has done Virginia wrong.
He might have lauded Carolina,
And not attempt to take the shine a-
Way from her, by the offens-
Ive words he spoke at our expense.
Beside, he passed, in silent slight,
The beauties of our black-and-white-
Commingling system, which is made
The basis of our export-trade.

“He’s sweetly sung, in verse sublime,
With lofty thoughts and flowing rhyme;
Of Slav’ry’s heroes on the water—
Said much, but no more than he ought to;
But he unfortunately stopped short
Of what to add he surely ought—
For our Virginia slave-traders,
Who honor so much while they aid us,
Deserve eulogium at his hand,
Although they operate on land.
They labor with the same intent,
And are as much on money bent,
By getting cheap and selling well
All niggers they can buy or steal,
And often show an equal wit,
In holy tricks to compass it;
And in their chain-gangs they display
Quite equal pride and chivalry,
And hence are free from taxes laid
On the terrapin and oyster-trade.

“I do not take it very kind,
Palmetto’s eyes appear so blind
To a character so dignified,
In which Virginia takes such pride;
I therefore ask him, in her stead,
Not to take back what he has said,

Nor chew and swallow his own words,
In imitation of his lords ;
For Hamilton, Calhoun, McDuffy
Did so when they had been too huffy—
In manner practical, 'tis true,
But that 's the hardest way to do ;—
I only ask him to add more
To what he said so well before."

Palmetto now sat on a nettle :
He could n't in a moment settle,
Whether he ought to pass it by
In silence, or a duel try ;
For Honor's laws have still defied
Efforts to get them codified,
Though less uncertain than they might
Be, yet they 're often doubtful quite ;
And, as he 'd no Digest at hand,
To show on what ground he should stand,
And questions mixed with thoughts of duel
To his fiery spirit added fuel,
He wanted vent, and quick did poke
In a segar, and 'gan to smoke.
This safety-valve, in moment brief,
Afforded the desired relief ;
And knowing, as did Tuckahoe,
The extra hazards of explo-
sion in peculiar case like that,
Hung in a vacillating state.

A cry of teamsters here broke in
The august silence of the scene,
And cracking whips were frequent heard,
From which 'twas naturally inferred
A band of strangers was arriving,
As men with cattle there were striving.
Two wagons, it appeared, as luck
Would have it, in the mud were stuck,

Piled up with mattresses. "Hurrah!"
Exclaimed the heroes, when they saw
A thing to raise a laugh about,
And, when they'd done, to help them out
They pulled and shoved, spite mud and grease,
Then loudly called on Hercules;
Who came, and, having beef enough,
The wagons moved, and soon passed off;
While back to Council turned each State,
And soon resumed their high debate.

But yet their wit did not discover
What all those mattresses were over.
The teamsters cracked their whips amain,
And winked when they were free again;
And soon they met an armed band,
With swords and rifles too in hand,
Who safely into Lawrence brought 'em;
Took off the beds, and at the bottom
Found what to them was not a wonder,
Balls, rockets, and a brass twelve-pounder,
Which, loaded soon, began to talk
Of its safe journey from New York.

Just when the Council would resume,
'Mid pipes, and whisky's mixed perfume,
Through the dense crowd a man made way—
Sawgrass, just come from Florida:
Who'd been detained against his will,
His public duties to fulfill,
Paying allegiance to Bellona,
Of his whole heart the rightful owner;
He could no higher honor wish a
Soldier of chivalric militia.
He'd greatly feared he might affront her,
By leaving her upon the frontier,
Where he'd a place of great exposure,
"Of which, sage counselors, I s'pose you're

Informed ; 'tis scarcely eighty-three
Miles from the savage enemy ;
With no protection from those blades
But passless swamps and everglades.

“ I made up three of the brave seventy
Who, to secure for all a plenty
Of clothing, pay, segars, and rations,
Endured untold multiplications :
Fixed, as 'twas left to their selections,
Three posts and days for the inspections
Of the three squadrons which had been
All officered, but scarce of men,
Now mustered here, to-morrow there,
They kept the ranks full everywhere,
Each acting like a friend and brother,
Lending and borrowing one another.

“ Hearing there's like to be in Kansas
Such work, and knowing how it answers,
I thought I'd let you know what's doing,
And help you set it here a-going.”

This hero had not come amiss
To those whose honors rivaled his ;
And through the crowd the whisper ran,
“ We've need of such a veteran !”

Then Tuckahoe, by gen'ral choice,
Addressed him as the public voice :

“ Sawgrass ! In you, with joy, we hail
Head of our soldiers, though the tail
In Council, with respect to time :
We've listened to your deeds sublime,
And nobly dare to try what answers
In Florida so well, in Kansas,
And hope you'll join, for consultation,”
The committee on increase of ration.

While Bluster nursed his darling rage,
And great Achilles was engaged,

Beside the Council's whisky-pail,
In breaking open the last mail,
Wond'ring why folks should take the trouble
To split their pens so, to write double ;
Some of the rest round Whittler throng,
And beg he'd give a Yankee song.

Whittler declined ; he " could n't sing,"
He " never hardly tried the thing :"
True, he'd " to singing-school been some
Times with girls to bring them home ;"
But folks who'd ever heard him strain
Wished he would never sing again.
" Oh, don't ask me ; I've got a cold ;
Besides, I'm growing rather old."
They pressed him more ; he had to own
He knew, but could n't think of, one.
Besides, his songs " could never please,
But must offend, such friends as these."
He'd caught some, while among his tin,
And " could n't forget them all again."
Well, if they'd " promise to o'erlook
Mistakes made so, without a book,
And take it all in friendly part,
He'd sing one he had got by heart ;"
But they " should know it had been made
By people of the Temp'rance trade—
A business Abolitionists
Have carried on hands over fists ;"
Then, having said out all his say,
Struck up the tune of " Scots wha hae :"

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Crystal spring, so clear and bright,
How you charm the traveler's sight,
Morn, and noon, and eve, and night,
Ever flowing still !

Sweet, refreshing flower and tree,
Humble, gentle, pure, and free,
Like thee may I ever be,
While my days I fill !

Running from the mountain's crest,
Thou the flowery meads hast blest,
As thou flowest to thy rest,
The deep and boundless sea,

Be my life as useful too,
Humble, gentle, pure, and true,
And at last rise on my view
A blest eternity !

"Good ! good !" they cried, when Whittler ceased,
And all declared themselves well pleased ;
Called for another ; " must be some
Few more yet where that came from ;"
Would n't let him off in any manner ;
So next came " The Star-Spangled Banner :"

THE TEMPERANCE TRUMPET.

Sons of Temperance, arouse ! Hark, the trumpet
again
Summons all to the field who have drank at the foun-
tain ;
And longer, and louder, and nobler the strain,
As our brave, shining hosts pour from hill, vale, and
mountain ;
With one conflict more,
We 'll drive from the shore
The Demon of hell, who shall vex us no more,
And the nation, approving, shall shout when they see
Our flag floating fair o'er the land of the free.

'Neath yonder dark cloud, that o'ershadows the foe,
Where Hell all her fumes and her fiends has collected,
The standard of Death, as the wild tempests blow,
Displays all the horrors the world e'er infected.

While trembling and few,
Changing form, name, and hue,
Drunkards, venders, distillers, red, yellow and blue,
With their last dram and stagger, all desperate come,
To poison our children and ruin our home.

"Another song!" the audience cried:

"You should," said he, "be satisfied;
I can't—I'm all used up;—have sung
All but a single Free-State song
Or two, or three; and they wont do."

"O never mind that, friend; just you
Go on now, while the steam is up;
Begin: we'll tell you when to stop.
The tune you gave us first—we like it;
Sing that; I guess we now can strike it."

"That's it!" another cried; "old hoss,
Go on—it's just what pleases us."

Said Whittler: "That'll do for now;
I'm tired out; you must be too."

"Oh no! Go on—give us another;
That song, I guess, has got a brother,
And you're the very man to know it;
You've got the steam up now—come, blow it!"

The singer then confessed he had
Something a running in his head;
It seemed a small piece of a dream,
What called it up was speaking o' steam.
He'd heard it, where he could n't tell;
Perhaps they knew the tune, "All's well:"

ALL ABOARD!

At morn, or noon, or dewy night,
In storms, or by the moon so bright,
We hear the railroad whistle shrill,
And we are there, with right good will,
Resounds the welcome signal cry,
Too late for all but those who 're nigh,
All aboard! All right! Go ahead!

To one who has too long delayed,
Indulging sleep on downy bed,
Too far to reach the track in time,
To him the call 's a dreadful chime:
He 's not to join the happy few
Who soon will have their homes in view.
All aboard! Sad word! Sad word!

The wheels run clatt'ring o'er the track,
The smoke pours out in volumes black,
And quick and quicker, click, click, clack!
The echoes from the hills come back;
Till, swifter than the morning wind,
They 're out of sight, and out of mind.
Not aboard! Not right! All wrong!

All effort now he makes is vain,
Past moments ne'er return again;
But he may, and he must remain,
And then may hope another train;
And this time, warned by trial, he
Most surely now in time will be.
All right! All right! All aboard!

DIG THE TRENCHES.

Dig the trenches broad and deep,
By the lines our fathers drew ;
Raise the walls, the watches keep,
Native sentries, strong and true.

This is all Columbia's soil,
We are sent the sword to break ;
Spite of danger, time, and toil,
Each his place and part will take.

Look afar, behold the shore
Where our Pilgrim-Fathers trod ;
Wave the standard which they bore :
"Love for man, and faith in God."

Chorus. Dig the trenches broad and deep, etc.

And now the singer rose to go ;
"Stranger, you don't," said one ; "no, no."
"Don't quit the bus'ness yet, old hoss ;
You've got to sing some more for us."

THE HEART OF THE UNION.

'Neath that bright and genial heav'n
Which the beams of Freedom fill,
To each height a church be giv'n,
To each crystal stream a mill.

Voices, hands, and hearts, united,
Soon we'll make the prairies smile ;
And, by Slavery unblighted,
Crops shall wave for many a mile.

Fertile fields shall smile and flourish,
Prairies all their wealth display,
Science rise, refinement flourish,
In religion's holy ray.

Central spot of all the Union !
Let our hearts be pure and true ;
Peace and freedom, in communion,
Here their brightest blessings strew.

Here intrude not, proud oppression !
Cowards, tread not on the weak ;
We have hands to aid the helpless,
Tongues which dare for freedom speak.

FREEDOM FOR KANSAS.

O Kansas ! on thy fertile fields
What beauteous flow'rs will bloom,
When thou to freedom's sons shalt yield
A genial soil and room.

We come from dear New England's coast,
With Pilgrims' faith and zeal :
A resolute, determined host,
With sharper swords than steel.

And in our hearts is glowing warm
The love of truth and right :
In vain will Slav'ry's fiercest storm
Assail us with its might.

The Book of God is in our hand,
Its precepts in our breast ;
And where they stay shall be our land,
And where they rule our rest.

He hummed a while, and pretty soon
He said : " Alknomak ! that 's the tune !"

TO KANSAS WE'RE BOUND!

To Kansas! to Kansas we're bound, and we'll go,
In her rich virgin soil seeds of freedom to sow;
As we glide o'er the railroad, or plow through the wave,
Sing Kansas shall ne'er be the land of the slave.

From the shores of New York and New England we
come,
And the rock of old Plymouth, our ancestors' home;
And the tree we have nurtured by Ocean's free wave,
The waters of Kansas shall gen'rously lave.

With the love of mankind glowing warm in our breasts,
Dark Slav'ry's billows we come to arrest;
Roll back, gloomy surges! No further ye come,
For Kansas is our's and fair Liberty's home.

The plaint of the suff'rer, the threat of the proud,
Sound sadly from lands under Slav'ry's cloud:
Here greater than masters or monarchs we reign—
They are noblest of men who their passions restrain.

And here our example in peace shall subdue,
And hosts shall submit to a conquering few,
When they see noble freedom in majesty move,
They'll join heart and hand with us, vanquished by love.

By the love of humanity, justice, and right,
While Slav'ry flies to the regions of night;
Thus we'll stand side by side, as our fathers once stood,
The champions of freedom, and servants of God.

"There, now," said Whittler, "that will do;
I'm going"—"Not till you've sung two!"
"Well, then," said he, "I must, I s'pose,
If you all say so; then, here goes!"

TRUE LIBERTY.

The Kansas flows bright through fair prairies and
hills,
And the soil our keen plows and our seed is inviting ;
We 'll drink her pure streams while they 're turning
our mills,
And success all our efforts for freedom's requiting.
That rich virgin soil
Will repay all our toil,
While we conquer by peace, with the harvests for spoil ;
In defense of the rights of mankind we will stand,
Like our fathers of old, in our dear, chosen land.

And hark ! there 's a voice which invites us to haste,
Our brethren erecting a barrier to Slav'ry ;
We 'll go ; and fair Kansas shall ne'er be disgraced
By the slave-hunter's hounds or the Doughface's
knav'ry.
O'er the railroads we 'll glide,
And we 'll steam up the tide,
And swiftly to Kansas we 'll run and we 'll ride ;
And hill, stream, and valley will smile as we come,
With the riches of freedom to bless our new home.

Huzza, then, for Kansas, for freedom and right !
As the flow'rs on her prairies, her prospects are glo-
rious ;
The free and the generous will joy at the sight,
When Freedom shall reign, o'er oppression victorious.
She calls us to show
What freemen can do,
With the hands which no brethren's blood shall imbrue ;
And soon shall the West shout admiring to see
Our flag float in triumph o'er none but the free.

"And now," said Whittler, "comes the last ;
 And it's a song to be sung fast ;
 With the old burden, handed down
 From ancient times, called 'Derry-Down.'
 It's short, but will run on quite suent,
 And now I want to hear you join in't ;
 Just hear me sing it the first time,
 Then you can come in with the rhyme."

THE WHITE NIGGER'S SLOPE.

There was a poor white man who lived in the South,
 He could not get victuals to put in the mouth
 Of himself, wife, or children ; and this was his song,
 As idle and sorry he sat all day long.

Down, Down, Down, Derry Down !

How happens it, I, who am honest and strong,
 Industrious and prudent, can not get along ;
 While the man who has slaves, and compels them to
 work,

Cares no more for me than an Indian or Turk ?

Down, etc.

They say at the North that a poor man can thrive ;
 There labor's respected, and busy men live ;
 They have plenty of schools, churches, shops, and ma-
 chines,

And if a man's steady, his fortune he wins.

Down, etc.

But you mus n't gamble, drink, swear, fight, or break
 The Sabbath, or ever improperly speak ;
 But treat other people as you'd have them be,
 And you'll find a friend in whomever you see.

Down, etc.

I 'm sick of the life I have led in the South ;
I go to the land where there 's bread for each mouth ;
I 'm going, old Nabobs, where no one, they say,
Can trample a poor man as you do ;—Good day !

Down, etc.

I follow'd ; and saw him there happy and well,
His children, at school, learned to write and to spell,
Growing rich, and declaring he 'd never live more
Where rich men can trample on those who are poor.

Down, Down, Down, Derry Down !

BOOK IV.

In this Fourth Book of the Sacred War,
From us be all vain jesting far ;
And inconclusive argument,
Which specious casuists invent,
Perverted by an evil cause
Opposed to Slavery's holy laws ;
All terms to lofty things unfit ;
Too long or short poetic feet,
Which make heroic verse go lame,
Check genius' flight, her ardor tame ;
And double rhymes, of low degree,
Those cankers of high poetry.

The great exploits which now engage
Our pen, and, for each coming age,
Excite the bright and glorious hope
Of filling Destiny chock up,
Demand the highest, utmost reach
Of human thought and human speech.

O happy time ! for now at last
The clouds from Southern sky have past,
And the great theme of Slavery
Is sung by one entirely free
From that contagion, wild and dread,
Through all the East and North that's spread,
And which, alas ! we have much reason
To fear, is spreading South its treason.

And happy he, who 's had his birth
In holiest part of all the earth,

Where clear, and warm, and cloudless shine
Slav'ry's bright beams, with light divine,
Which all the South illumine so fair,
Enrich the earth, perfume the air,
Kindle the soul, inflame the heart,
Spirit to mind and tongue impart,
And make the poet paint aright
The glories of our prospect bright :
Pierce's next term, which will be twenty
Times happier, if whisky's plenty.

In vision, to mine eyes displayed,
Now Slav'ry's blessings seem to spread
O'er all our free and happy land ;
Now each rich white man has a band
Of slaves, submissive to his power ;
Some one apiece, but many more
With none at all ; unless by chance,
Or by a blessed inheritance,
A fifth, or tenth, or nineteenth share
Of some one slave—they don't know where :
But, dead, or sold, or run away,
We Southern sellers get our pay,
And chivalry's chief end attain,
By making, out of niggers, gain.
Then let us nobly boast and fume,
And order all men to give room.

And list ! The poet once again
Tunes his sweet lyre, renews his strain ;
His cords ring out in loftiest notes,
Immortal praise to him who votes
The ticket Atchison commands us,
And fights for Bogus laws in Kansas.

But here we beg to be excused
For broken lines and sense confused :
For our kind friend Briareus
Got half his papers in a muss ;

Having been put in a commotion,
At the outset, by Arcturus' motion ;
Then passed through many diff'rent climes,
Going up and down so many times ;
And afterward through wind and wet,
In scenes the reader knows not yet ;
And in a sudden change of weather,
Huddled his papers up together ;
When heroes fled, and cried, "*Halloo !*"
Like great Napoleon : "*Sauve qui peut !*"
The poet but half understands
What Briareus wrote with his left hands,
And can not learn, by any art,
If they wrote backward, all or part,
Or whether he should try to go 'em,
By the old rule of *jugum bœum* ;
Therefore whole pages are left out,
Not knowing what they are about ;
And are laid by, for future time,
Having no reason, sense, or rhyme.

Now first a gentle stranger rose,
With slender form and sharp elbows ;
A thin moustache of yellow hair,
Like a small dab of treacle there ;
Who gave his name as " Literary,
Well known in learned circles—very."

Some members said the name they 'd seen,
But no such folks, where they had been.
He said 'twas on a publication
Of the great, noble Slavery nation,
The *Southern Liter'ry Magazine*,
Which, after a short time, caved in,
Though rich in boundless stores of mind,
Learning and genius, taste refined.

He 'd " been a laborer in that field,
Knew what vast wealth its mines could yield,

Surveyed that California,
Prospected many a Placer thah,
And dug knee-deep in golden grains,
And got a fever for his pains."

The Council looked with sad surprise
On the thin form before their eyes.
He might have been a handsome fellow
In the dark : but his face was yellow ;
The whites of his eyes were like the skin
Of oranges ; and he had been
On treatment by a negro quack,
"Six months, to cure an ague-cake ;
A victim," as he "too well knew,
Of zeal for Southern lit'ra-chu."
But he had "learned by search profound,
Why that flat boat had run a-ground.
No lack of genius, taste, or knowledge,
In Southern mind or Southern college :
But the Peculiar Institution
Prohibits labor's base pollution ;
And all so scrupulously obey,
They'll neither write, read, think, nor pay ;
We therefore must content sit down,
Giving to Hist'ry what we've done.

"And now the few remaining sets
Of the Southern lit'ry gazettes,
Some of both series—one being still-
Born, and t' other breathed awhile—
But had a sickness, ah ! so fatal,
It died one day quite near its natal :
I surely thought the members here
Would like to buy a work so rare.

"I might pronounce a eulogy
On what will be our lasting glory ;
But scattered thoughts which I put down
I had n't strength to spend upon,

And feared the Northerners might say
I was a slave as well as they,
And worked for money, or for fame,
While we reproach them for the same."

Whittler proposed "To have the vote
On the two separate questions put :
First, that the magazines be bought,
And paid by members on the spot ;
And then, to have the gen'man sit,
And read to Council what he 'd writ."
But, after a prolonged dispute,
They hit a compromise to suit :
Whittler accepted it instead :
"That the said notes shall now be read ;
And the other bus'ness we discuss
When we 've got through this Kansas muss."

After some more remarks were made,
The stranger thus began to read :
"Once on a time a man was found
Both born and bred on Slav'ry's bound ;
His father having, by design,
Built right on Mason-Dixon's line ;
For being, in the fav'rite fashion South,
In debt for more than he was worth,
When creditors suggested pay,
He 'd pleaded—'Niggers run away ;
Expected back, and then you may
Depend on settlement'—till vain
It seemed to tell that tale again.
He then a log-house built just where,
Though there was little room to spare,
Virginia constables were sure
To find him at his northern door,
While one from Pennsylvania
Might wait—he would n't stir all day

From the far south side of his dwelling;
And being always so unwilling
To come within the reach of law,
He thus escaped her dreadful paw.

“His son, born there, possessed two natures :
And ate both white and sweet potatoes ;
And hog and hominy one day,
And bread and beef alternately ;
Partaking of the different traits
Which mark the Southern and Free States.
His left leg hobbled ; for it chose
To save the strength of heels and toes ;
While the other wanted to go on,
And would, if possible, alone ;
But was of freedom half bereft
By being hitched on to the left ;
And, after each full step, for lack
Of the other's taking one, hopped back ;
So that the neighbors could n't scheme
What in the world to think of him.

“The fellow tried to find some trade
By which a living might be made,
Hearing his father make confession
He did n't quite like his profession.
But the left side was not disposed
To any trade that was proposed :
He might take one, if he could stand
Still, without moving foot or hand ;
And when, at last, he saw a printer,
It only took a gentle hint or
Two, to make him say 'twould suit ;
He'd try it, and perhaps might do 't ;
For the left hand could hold the 'stick,'
And then the right might work as quick
And just as long as it should please,
While the left all day would take its ease.

It might compose ; but, nevertheless,
It thought it would n't work at press,
For, though the right hand moved the frisket,
'Twas rather hazardous to risk it,
Lest 'twould disgrace the Southern neighbor-
States by doing manual labor.
It tried, but only tried it once,
Finding it had to turn the rounce.

"The boy now stood in doubt again,
For all his projects seemed in vain ;
Chewing the north side of his mouth
Full three times faster than the south ;
And that part of his body, too,
Much faster than the other grew.
At length they made a compromise,
In spite of diff'rent views and size ;
So, while one stood and held the 'stick,'
The right hand picked up types so quick,
That left-hand thumb aloud protested,
Fingers infringed the rights he'd vested,
As good as theirs, as all forbade
To practice any useful trade ;
And soon, without the least compunction,
Served on them all a stern injunction,
Which stopped, with causes yet to state,
The *Southern Liter'ry Gazette* ;
And this accounts for certain pages
In that great book, which puzzle sages
To reconcile with truth and reason,
Being printed just about the season
Of that rebellion at the 'case,'
When the cash-account was in distress."

A motion here was made to lay
On the table for another day ;
And that prevailed, with one to print,
When the treasury shall have money in 't.

But see! O'er Wakarusa's grove,
How shine those flaming clouds above,
Where envy kindles into flame
At sound of Slavery-heroes' fame.

Another Council in the skies!
Of course, to ways and means devise
How to defeat and overthrow
Acts of our Lower House below.
Moderns to claim have oft pretended
In Homer's time what was invented,
Expressly for such noble end,
Which modern practices commend;
That is, the example set above
By Juno, Venus, Mars, and Jove,
Which ever has been acted on
By all republics 'neath the sun,
And Parliament and Congress more
By fights 'tween Upper House and Lower;
And things divine, 'tis truth to tell,
Men seldom imitate so well.

The Council met; and many answers
Were giv'n to questions about Kansas;
When Virgo said: "I thither go,
For I have learned a thing or two;
And have a project to perform
Will help to allay the threat'ned storm.
Beyond the Border-ruffian bands
A solitary cabin stands,
Where caps and gunpowder have been
Deposited by Free-State men,
Who can not take them into Lawrence,
Being held by Shannon in abhorrence.
Friend Mercury, come listen here;
I have a few words for your ear:
You served apprenticeship, I know,
As penny-postman long ago;

And, though things now go differently,
An errand you will do for me.
Go to the Zodiac, tell Aquarius
We both have jobs to-night, though various ;
And let him fill his waterpot,
And be at midnight on the spot,
Stationed just o'er (he can't refuse you)
The ruffians' camp at Wakarusa.
Then, Mercury, do me one more favor,
And I shall grateful be forever :
Summon each wind and show'r and storm ;
You'll see them stowed in caverns warm,
Among the limestone bluffs you'll find,
On the Sac lands, where ev'ry wind
Has his own refuge, willing, very,
When Boreas calls them, to make merry ;
And he has promised me to-night
To come and blow with all his might.
Remember whom you have to call,
For we're to have a first-rate squall :
There's Auster, Notus and Procella,
For a blow-out that first-rate fellow,
Septentrion, he'll chill them through,
And Hiems pinch their noses blue."

She ceased, and faded from their sight ;
And those who watched the stars that night
Can tell how dim her constellation
Looked, when she'd finished her oration.

And here the poet has a word
To readers—Friends, you all have heard
Of scenes like these I put in rhyme,
So frequent in Dan Homer's time,
And by my other rival sung,
Dan Virgil, in the Latin tongue.
You know their truth has stood the trial
Of ages, and meets no denial :

Now equal faith I claim from you,
And vouch my story's just as true.

Soon near the Kansas' bank was seen

An ox-cart, with a lady in :

Not in the graceful, flowing robe

Of Virgo, on celestial globe,

Painted to the admiring eyes

Of children in academies ;

That would be rather cool array

For Kansas on a winter's day :

But in new-fashioned hoop and bask ;

The reason why, do readers ask ?

Wait patiently, for he that reads on,

In proper time will learn the reason.

A sentinel cried : " Who goes there ?"

A voice replied : " It's I, don't fire."

" I'll shoot if you don't say who 'tis."

Quoth Virgo : " Then you'll hit or miss."

" Tell who are you, and where you've been."

" I have in charge a magazine."

A noble Doughface at this point,

Originally from Vermont,

An awful, six-foot printer's boy,

Who'd guarded Gen'ral Pomeroy,

(Good span for Bennett's scribbler slim,

Who afterward blackguarded him,)

Stepped forth, with a heroic stride,

And bade the sentry shut his head.

The goddess cried : " Well done, my stars !

Sure this must be the mundane Mars !

So like the one in higher sphere,

Keeps comets straight when they go queer ;

He has a mien as fierce and dread,

At least his face is quite as red ;

But please, sir, do not come so near,

Unless you put out your segar."

"I was an editor," he cried,
"And late for Slav'ry wrote and lied ;
Till, in glad hour, my types deserted,
Was to a border-chief converted.
Ah ! well I know the trials sent
To one on literature that 's bent ;
And I presume you 've notice, lady,
Your editorial proofs are ready ;
And wish to hasten on your way,
Lest you the hands and press delay.
Compositors wait your return,
Who by hard work their wages earn,
With pressmen, who, being paid by token,
Lose by delay or promise broken.
Madam, pass on ! while I salute you ;
And, when you write of Wakarusa,
Pray don't omit, in silent slight,
The courtesy of Doughfaced knight.
Good patrons and punctual pay I hope you ;
And don't forget to send a copy
Of your expected magazine."

She bowed, and said : " A specimen
Shall soon expressly be directed,
And come, perhaps, when unexpected ;
For all our aim will be to reach
Those whom we wish the most to teach."

Soon after, lights as bright as gas
Illumed the Free-State city, as
Virgo consigned her bask and hoop
To Robinson ; then, flying up
Through the clear ether, disappeared,
And soon at home was safe ensphered.

The rich supply of ammunition
From the log-house, now, in good condition,
Was gained, secure from all mishaps :
Gunpowder and percussion-caps,

Being quilted by the goddess up
In the padding of her bask and hoop.

Meantime, in the earthly Council rose
A mixed debate for Slav'ry's cause ;
So long, so able, and so learned,
It seemed as if all were concerned
In mixing up their lore together,
Hurried by time and threat'ning weather.
Briareus' notes show that a speech
Must have been written down by each
Of his industrious, skillful hands ;
Therefore, unless the world commands,
We 'll not, for this age, try to read them,
But lay them by for those who need them,
In something like the Sybil's cave,
But filed away to keep them safe.
The reader may form some idea
Of the treasures which we lay by here,
If a few lines we give from each
Leading border-ruffian's speech,
Though scarce enough of it be shown
To let him see how 'twas begun ;
And where we break them short off, thar
We 'll raise the sign of a lone star,
Each standing as an indication
Of an eclipsed bright constellation.

Said Keelboat : " In how many ways
Our system good effects displays !
On the Missouri's crystal current,
High-road of Chivalry's knights-errant,
'Mong other deeds of noble daring,
Card-playing, drinking, threat'ning, swearing
Behold a Yankee minister,
Beat by a mob with fist and chair,
Then, by hosts of chivalry,
Left on a swampy shore, to die !"

"Three cheers!" cried Bluster; "there's a story
To fill a page of Western glory!" *

Said Supple Jack: "I'll speak in praise
Of such ingenious practices
As those we used on Doctor Adams;
When the rich massas and their madams,
Old bachelors and maids, belonging
To the Slaveocracy, came thronging,
By well-concerted pre-arrangement,
To make that honest Yankee think
All things as right as they appeared,
And Slav'ry better than he feared;
Sent sick and sorry slaves away,
But let the fat and stupid stay;
Directed ev'ry overseer
Never to whip a negro near,
And sounds of lash and signs of blood
To keep far off, in field or wood;
And dress up all they might suppose
He'd meet, in Massa's cast-off clothes;
By instinct taught, or shrewd surmise,
That he was candid, if not wise
In ways and manners of mankind,
And honestly would speak his mind.
Oh! have you seen the book he's writ?
Doughfaced divines take texts from it." *

Then Bunkum once again arose,
His interrupted speech to close;
"Which, when I lately stood before ye,
A vision of our coming glory
Broke in upon, and cut asunder,
A part full of uncommon thunder;
But pass that by, that I may come
To the great feat of Twaddledum.

"From lofty station raised on high,
In Metropol'tan balcony,

The patriarch stood forth in style
Where Broadway stretched above a mile,
Arrayed in patriotic suit,
A leggin drawn o'er either boot,
In the best cloth and cut that yet
From Southern tailors he could get ;
For, Prince of Nullifiers, he
Would show from Yankees to cut free,
As Southrons could supply their wants,
And first by making coats and pants ;
Thus soon the North will all be keeled
Up, and their destiny be sealed.
'Twas therefore that his pants, light brown,
In dyeing shrunk, by straps held down,
Showed a wide zone of cotton shirting
Between his waistband and his jerkin ;
Which latter had a row of buttons,
Made of old horses' bones or muttons' ;
O'er it a coat of varying hue,
'Twixt butt'nut brown and muddy blue ;
His chin shaved with a home-made razor,
Told the great truth to ev'ry gazer,
He had already shed his blood
For Carolina ; and he would
Pour it as freely whensoe'er
Called to the field to die for her,
Next time she stands again in bravery
To fight for freedom and for Slavery ;
And, ah ! the time may now be near :
But of its coming we shall hear ;
For she must borrow, ere she calls us,
Another Hundred Thousand Dollars.
" Now from that high commanding station
He thus began his great oration :
' Listen ! ye crowds that roll below,
Like floods that down the Santee go,

When some great freshet, from the mountains,
Comes pouring from their distant fountains.

Oh, Abolitionists ! attend

The warning voice of a true friend !

Your ruin fast must be approaching ;

Each on his neighbor is encroaching ;

Nobly yourselves and country save

By buying from us each a slave !

“ But ah ! to stupid Northern Vandal

Nothing on earth can hold a candle ;

And, to the shame of modern progress,

The patriot had the deep distress

To find himself unseen, unheeded,

By those so much his counsel needed ;

For still went on the noise and fuss

Of coach, dray, cart, and omnibus,

And, dodging 'mong them, dogs and muttons

And M. P.s, with their gilded buttons,

Making the drivers stop and stay

To let the ladies cross Broadway ;

All with rich dresses and new arts,

Fresh from the milliner's and Stewart's !” *

Santee had been “ with Twaddledum

When he was getting up his home-

Made suit, and first put 't on ; the coons

Of slaves sew'd sleeves on the pantaloons,

And legs on the coat ; and had a fit

Of laughing : we fell into it ;

And, for about half an hour,

The house and yard were in a roar,

Till Twaddledum became so weak,

He'd hardly strength to stand or speak :

At last, a cowhide in his hand

Helped some of them to understand.” *

Next Wiggler rose : “ I've found it hard

To play my own peculiar card

In that rich region where I be,
Southern and Middle Tennessee,
And some of the adjoining States,
Where railroad-makers come, with threats
To run from Charleston to the Ohio ;
For I am daily called to show
It 's but a trick the Yankees have
To steal from ev'ry man his slave." *

Whittler again to Tuckahoe :

" For your runaway don't sorrow so ;
Fancy you followed with a whip,
And on the line gave him one clip ;
Or that, when dodging in the timber,
You 'd time your rifle to unlimber,
And let the British territory
For once re-echo to the glori-
ous sound of a chivalric shot,
From Southern nigger-vengeance hot :
Or, for your Christian consolation,
Turn from your runaway relation,
Give thanks the rest at home abide,
And take your vengeance from their hide ;
Thus you may enjoy a holy sequel,
If you lay on all, just and equal." *

Said East-Branch : " One great man's example
Has given us a warrant ample :
For, while condemning Slav'ry abstract,
His practice was not on the back-track,
But recommends amalgamation
By proofs within our observation.
So once, by taciturn confession,
He stopped the suit, before the session,
In case of ' People *versus* Sally,'
Ready for trial legally ;
And there we find our precedents
For the career we 've followed since ;

With many a reason and pretension,
In ways too numerous to mention ;
While yet we strenuously insist
It 's done by the Abolitionist.
But most important 'tis to keep
The world from turning round to peep
At the sad truth, we can't deny—
Our great men hated Slavery.
All our old statesmen used to say
Just what the Yankees do to-day ;
And the dread fact must be confessed :
Washington an Abolitionist !
But even to make such allusion
Is dang'rous to the Institution ;
For we must hold up one another,
Like faithful friend and loving brother.
Our arguments have close connection,
And would be ruined by dissection ;
If you a single point deny,
You break the string we all hang by ;
That 's like the golden chain of Jove,
Though *forged*, yet gilded o'er with love ;
It 's links marked, 'gospel,' 'right,' and 'reason,'
But e'en the word 'touchstone' is treason." *

A grave old man, with a flapped hat,
Now rose just as the speaker sat,
And said : " I think that, after all
The true remarks you have let fall
In Slavery's defense, some other
Aspects might strike a Christian brother.
I have the privilege to be
A minister where Slavery
Exists as in the patriarchs' days,
Far from all meddling Yankees' ways ;
And, knowing well the holiness
Of the whole system, which will bless

All lands before the day can come
That opens the Millennium,
It is my office to preach up
Pure Slavery, as the only hope
Of religion, as of liberty.
I would its holy face display
Before we close another day.

"First, see how kind we masters are,
And how we treat our slaves down thar:
Teaching them duty's so well done,
We often quite neglect our own." *

Here an old nigger, with a white head,
Broke in, with his cap off, and said:
"Please, gemmen, come and help me save
My Massa; I'm a drunkard's slave;
And he's just gwine to shoot heself
Under yon cotton-tree; I lef'
Him swearing firs' kill me, then him;
He make me tie rope to a limb
To hang me wid—Oh massas, come!
He's old Virginia—sold my mother,
My father, children, grandchild, brother;
I ha n't no hope but in de grave—
I only friend now Massa have—"

"Some of you run," said Tuckahoe,
"And see if all this story's true;
And if the old boy lies, you know
What in such case you ought to do." *

Said Tucky: "We have certain names
Recording high historic claims;
And who could nobler fame desire,
Or at a loftier height aspire?
We've districts named, in former day,
'Promise well,' and 'Never Pay';
And two renowned, with titles brief,
The 'Upper' and the 'Lower Hog-thief:'

Where drovers' legends witness bear
To virtuous deeds once common there." *

" *Mi misere ; tempora mutantur,*"
Said Literary ; " O, don't banter
Her Majesty, Pro-Slavery ;
Such Yankee tales will turn me crazy.
Foster those old ideas, when each
Of us was counted wise and rich ;
And all the airs we chose to take
Were borne with North, and we might make
As great a figure as we could
Desire, or cash and style allowed." *

Here Goodblood rose ; his powdered hair,
Small queue and courteous aspect there
Marked him a Southern stranger. " Who
Is he ?" All answered : " I don't know."

Said he, with an old-fashioned bow,
" I'm from the South ; but can't tell how,
I find no face, or name, or word
Such as in youth I saw and heard :
Although my father often said
His family were widely spread.
He served through all the Revolution,
And helped to make the Constitution.
I've just been trav'ling East and North,
Where he had many friends of worth,
To seek their sons, and friendship claim :
I only had to speak his name ;
They gave me cordially the hand,
Showed me their busy, thriving land,
And begged me, when again I'd come,
To make their houses all my home ;
Read with me ' Virginia Debates,'
Talked of the good old Thirteen States ;
And I henceforth shall always feel
Like one of the Old Common Weal."

—A hiss was heard, a cry of "Down!"
But Goodblood gave an awful frown,
And his bright eyes beneath it glowed
Like lightning from a thunder-cloud :
"Who 's that?" he said, as if his scowl
Had brought a voice up from his soul ;
And round the Council went the cry :
"It is n't me!" "It is n't I!"

With lofty air, the stranger bowed,
Mounted his full-blood steed, and rode
Down Santa Fé's broad track afar,
In search of friends he heard of there.
When gone, a few would follow too,
To see what treason he would do ;
But, though the best of half-breeds, they,
And their ponys, had to yield the day ;
But Goodblood's praise through all the South
Warms hearts, and soon will move their mouth. *

Next Bluster rose : "To save the Union
We 're come, in patriot communion,
With those pure, upright, noble souls
Who stormed and seized the Kansas polls ;
Impelled by Law-and-Order fury,
With border-ruffians of Missouri,
We 're now to finish work begun
By Stringfellow and Atchison ;
And show the North the sort of suasion
By which the South will rule the nation :
For dawns the day when all will be
Subjected thus to Slavery ;
When Massachusetts and New York
Will see their legislative work
Done by such friends of Law and Order,
Marched, at our word, across their border ;
And voting regularly done
By vagabonds, with knife and gun ;

Sent by the man who cuts such figure
Out here, the owner of a nigger
And half another, as they say
One of us does, or did last May.

“ Oh, haste the time when Chivalry
Will teach the Yankees to be free ;
And ev'ry State and Territory
Submit, and sing of Southern glory ;
Slaves work in field and cotton-mill,
Answer roll-call on Bunker Hill ;
And even Faneuil Hall look South,
And talk from the other side of the mouth.

“ On victory we now may reckon ;
Behold each friendly Doughface beckon !
We, noble men, who domineer
O'er slaves, when there is naught to fear,
We are the heroes called by Fates
To conquer all the United States.

“ Perhaps the halfway friends of Slav'ry
May hope to profit by our bravery ;
Think, when we kill the buffalo,
They 'll share at least in the hide and tallow ;
Throw upon us the work and fighting,
While they shun all these scenes exciting,
But, when the victory is won,
Come in and claim it as their own.

“ Those men, so prompt to save their bacon,
Will surely find themselves mistaken :
Ours are the toil, expense, and danger,
(I speak for ev'ry Kansas ranger,)
And ours, they 'll find, will be the plunder,
While they will have but to knock under.
A pretty joke indeed, if they
Of all our trouble get the pay !
They ought to calculate the trouble
Of blowing up an empty bubble ;

Making pretenses false and shallow,
Of whisky-making Southern valor,
Keeping such men as Pierce and Cass
To work for us like cow and ass,
To jee and haw, with Douglas, Shannon,
And Wise, to drag in Sammy's cannon."

Here rose a man who had been listening,
And said: "I think the Council's fizzling
On matters of but small import,
While we have come to have resort
To arguments of greater power,
Such as we oft have used before.
We all have rifles, bowie-knives,
And the free-soilers have their lives;
I move that all, without delay,
Arm, take a drink, and ride away;
Put the poor cowards to the rout,
And wipe the free-soil Lawrence out."

But Rumor had received, from Virgo,
A message, saying: "My dear sir, go
And tell the troops at Wakarusa
There is no longer any use o'
Staying out here; it's growing damp,
And Yankees mean to storm your camp;
Then make a noise like fife and drumming,
And cry: 'There! don't you hear them coming?'
Roar in their ears with all your tongues;—
I know you've lately strained your lungs,
In spreading far and wide the fame
Of Atchison's and Shannon's name:
But shout, scream, halloo, yell and yelp,
And Pan says he'll be there to help,
With all the scarecrows he can muster,
And show them first to Bloody Bluster."

Rumor, while he attention paid,
Held all his tongues still in his head.

Now, far away upon the prairie,
Strange things are done by winds contrary :
'Mong leaves and buff'lo grasses dry,
Notus replies to Eurus' sigh ;
Relieved awhile from Æolus' cave,
A short vacation glad to have,
The winds whirl and throw things about,
So glad once more to be let out.

Now Santa Fé's broad, beaten road,
By caravans so often trod,
Sends up its dusty columns high,
As sudden whirlwinds pass it by ;
Again awake the expiring fires,
Where each in ashes slow expires ;
Till, fanned by breezes, as they blow,
The kindling embers brighter glow,
Beneath the shadows of a cloud,
Approaching with its thunder loud ;
Then, as the winds come rushing, roaring,
The flames, in furious eddies, soaring,
Sway north and south, in dreadful strife,
While deer and wolves scud off for life ;
And ev'ry settler, at his door,
Admires the sight, but dreads the roar.

And now the heroes, in a hurry,
Were on their way back to Missouri ;
When Virgo asked Aquarius
If he 'd a watch, what time it was ;
And, finding it was just the hour,
Told him to tip a little lower
His waterpot ; and mortals then
Began to learn what 'tis to rain.
Great Bluster cried : " I see it sprinkle !
And now it pours !" Then in a twinkle,
They struck their tents down, one and all,
Soon as the rain began to fall ;

With aching feet and noses blue,
Wagons and horseback off they flew,
With empty pockets, but in state,
Singing the praises of the great
Shannon, Stringfellow, Atchison,
All the McKees excepting one,
Tom Johnson, (missionary fierce,)
Douglas, Davis, Cass, and Pierce,
But doing Shannon up quite brown,
Calling him Doughface, up and down.

As drove the storm more wild and fast,
The host awhile the tempest faced ;
But half in vain : their ardor slacks,
Cold water trickling down their backs,
All soaked outside, and chilled within,
Like drowning rats, wet to the skin.

And sad disasters by the way
Soon made them long for coming day :
Whether the Shawnees or the Kaws
Had come themselves, or sent their squaws,
To claim the animals once more
The Platte boys oft had stole before ;
Or Sacs, or Foxes, or Osages
Had caught the fever, so contagious,
Along the west banks of Missouri,
And, in a wild, freebooting fury,
Following examples so long set them,
Stole all that trick and chance would let them.

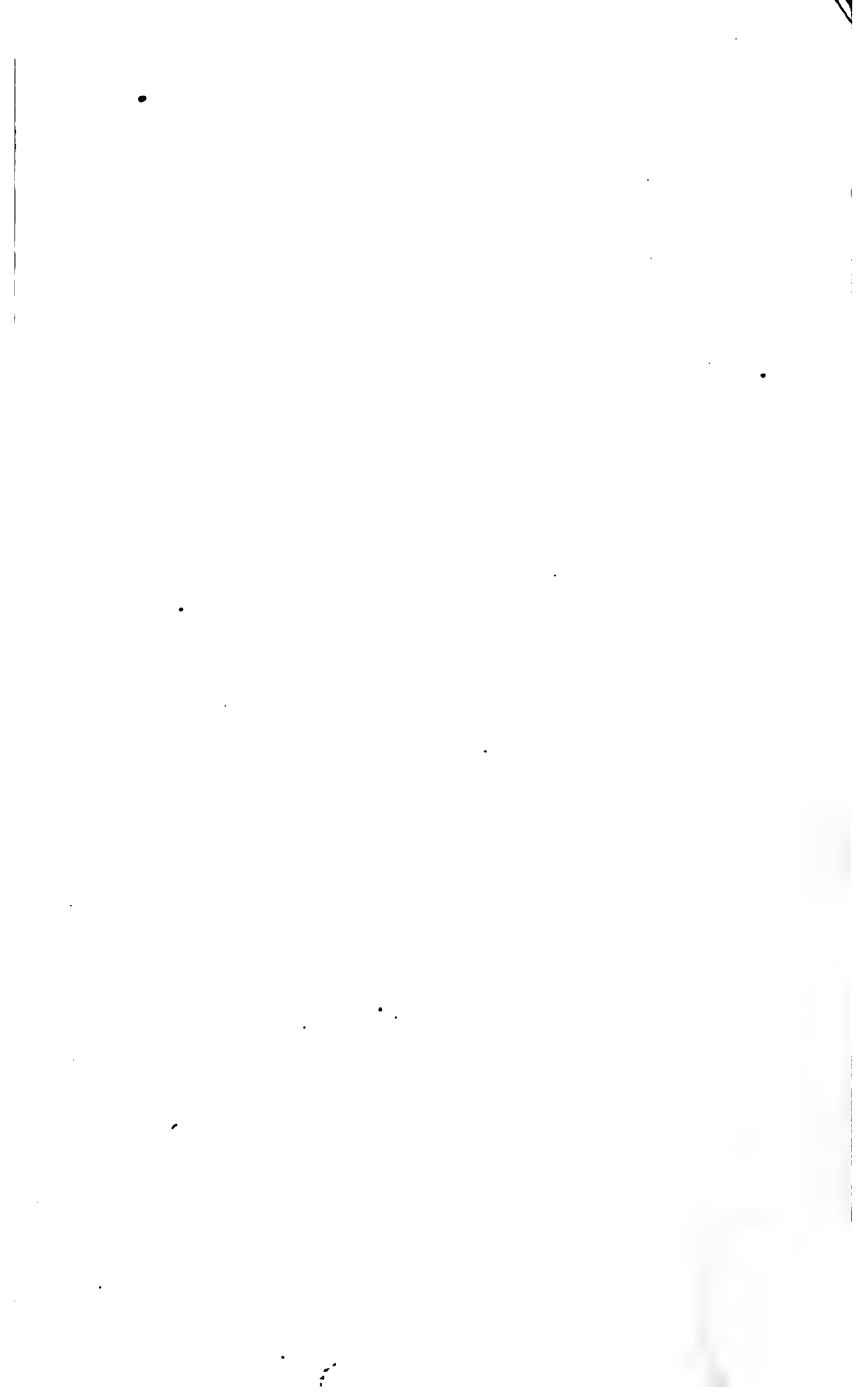
Now Eurus, with his comrade Imber,
Had taken stations in the timber ;
While Notus, Auster, and old Boreas,
Puffed in from different sides uproarious ;
Procella brought her clouds and mists
From the land of Abolitionists ;
And such a whistling, such a blowing,
With Hiems half the time a snowing,

You could n't say Jack Robinson
Before the heroes were all gone :
In fact that name, or else his brother's,
First started Bluster, then the others.

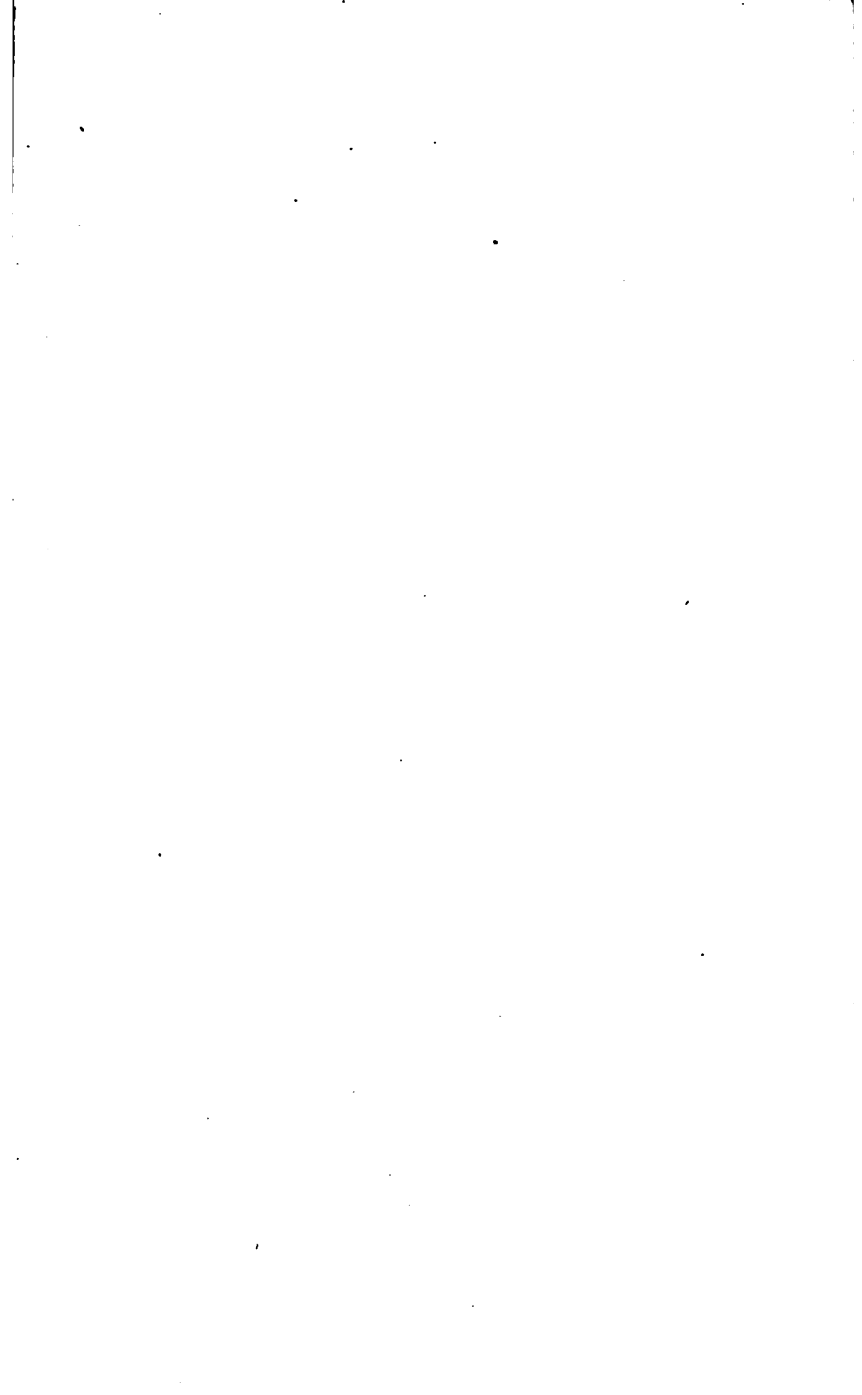
But here the poet finds his lyre
Has sunk the pitch ; and, in despair,
Lays by his feeble instrument,
Till some a better one invent,
To sing new glories, bursting bright
Upon the world with dazzling light :
Of Temperance Sheriff Jones, who not
Except in newspapers, was shot ;
Due praise to give to Pierce, Buchanan,
Atchison, Douglas, Wise, and Shannon,
Who Yankees got, by false pretense,
To yield their weapons of defense ;
Prevailed by simple breach of truth,
Bringing the noble Georgia youth,
Those specimens of Southern breeding,
With Bibles which they could n't read in,
Of law and books to show abhorrence,
And sack free people's homes in Lawrence ;
And gloriously thus display
The spirit pure of Slavery ;
To celebrate, in worthy strain,
Chivalry arguing with a cane,
Noble plantation knights, brought in
To figure in the highest scene ;
Such as the Yankees never fail
To give the highest rank in jail,
Pretending drunkards have no right
To knock down men, when they are quite
Sure of their being unprepared
Blows to return, or e'en to ward ;
And boast of glorious club-debates
In the Senate of the United States.

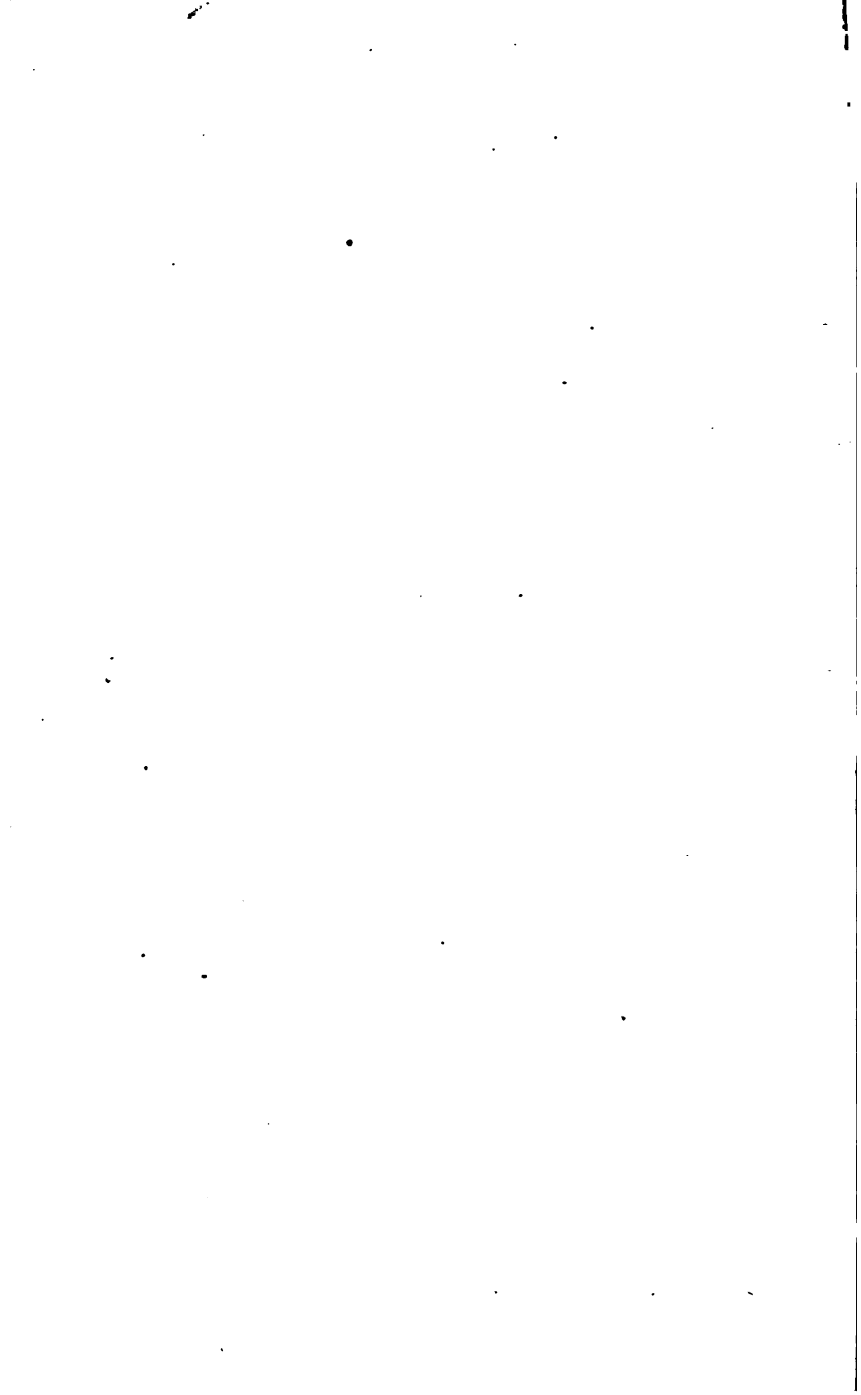
THE CLOSE.

The poet now resigns his lay,
And silent waits for happier day,
Hoping the world may hear, ere long,
Some greater lyre assay the song.









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